The Nation.

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The Week.

The return of Gov. Hughes has been in many ways the most gratifying result of the election. Whatever doubts honest men might feel as to the relative merits of Taft and Bryan, whatever misgivings as to the prospect of securing a comprehensive measure of tariff reduction from a Republican administration, there has been no question as to the fitness of Mr. Hughes to be Governor of New York. We need not dwell on his brilliant record at Albany. It is a tribute to his courage and integrity that he was opposed by all the worst elements of both parties. The gamblers and the stock-jobbers struck hands with the machine politicians, Republican and Democratic, in a desperate effort to defeat the one man whom they fear. The returns from the State indicate that Murphy, McCarren, and Conners, hopeless of carrying New York for Bryan, devoted all their energy to Chanler. But over this whole army of evil the Governor has signally triumphed. By a direct appeal to the moral convictions of the electorate, he rallied to his support the intelligent, high-minded voters, and these, we are thankful to say, still form a strong working majority. Thus the Governor goes back to Albany mightier than ever, irresistible, as we trust, in his advocacy of reform of the primaries, reform of the ballot, and other measures that shall weaken the influence of the bosses and the corrupt elements behind them, and shall fortify the principles of representative government.

President Roosevelt's last appointment of a general in the regular army has attracted but slight attention, probably because the choice is so good. He selected Col. Frederick A. Smith, little known outside the army, but within it rated as an officer of unusual attainments and of long and valuable, if quiet, service. The army had grown anxious lest the President should select for advancement some captain whom he met in Cuba. It is only fair to say, however, that the President's last six or seven nominations have indicated a proper desire to recognize the older men. None the less, since it is the unusual which always provokes comment, Mr. Roosevelt will be remembered for a long time in the army as the President who was responsible for the appointment as generals of Capt. Albert Mills, Capt. John J. Pershing, Major Bliss, and Major Duval, and who approved of the advancement to major-general of his personal friend, Leonard Wood. The latter, it should be said, has endeavored to make up for his deficiences in education by hard work and by ceaseless professional activity. Against promotions of this kind the army protested so loudly that they came to an end just two years ago with the advancement of Capt. Pershing, whose chief title to fame is still the fact that he is son-in-law of the chairman of the Senate Military Committee. Such erratic appointments are extremely demoralizing; and the army will look upon Mr. Taft's election as insuring quiet, steady, and sensible development.

The Secretary of the Navy having removed the ban of silence placed upon all officers who attended the recent conference at Newport, it now appears that many of the defects in the new battleships North Dakota and Delaware, alleged by the younger officers, were acknowledged to exist, but that the ships were so far along as to make far-reaching alterations impossible. The conference also hesitated about making changes in the Florida and Utah, on the ground that such action would require a complete redrawing of the plans. So these monsters will take the water admittedly defective and behind the times. But that will not prevent the Navy Department from declaring that civilian criticism of such matters is false and ignorant. This little game will go on until there is a clean sweep in the Navy Department and a complete reorganization. The wonder grows that such a reformer and navy specialist as Theodore Roosevelt has never had time or interest to undertake this pressing task.

When some "experienced" Western lumbermen recently testified that most of the talk about the depletion of our forests is nonsense, they found few believers. Even that small following will dwindle when the United States Forest Service has circulated its latest special report, wherein is made manifest the inferiority of experience to statistics. The bulletin announces:

> We are now cutting timber from the forests of the United States at the rate of 500 feet, board measure, a year for every man, woman, and child. In Europe they use only 60 board feet.

Not even the most cheerful American lumberman pretends that our country is planting new trees as systematically as the Old World. At best, it is urged that second growth often takes care of itself, and that the supply of standing timber is far greater than lay investigators suppose. The enormous difference, however, between the American and European rate of consumption destroys the value of these assurances; for, whether or not there is danger of total exhaustion of the supply of virgin timber within thirty years, as has been estimated, there is certainly wanton prodigality. Only competent regulation can offset such extravagance.

Mr. Hearst's last batch of letters, read on Saturday night, reveal John D. Archbold as corrupting the press. Not that Mr. Archbold would recognize his activities by that name. He undoubtedly felt that he was performing a patriotic duty in subscribing $5,000 to the *Southern Farm Magazine*. It advocated things which he regarded as of vital interest to the nation, and to the Standard Oil. Then there was the Baltimore *Manufacturers' Record*. This offender has long opposed the educational campaign in the South, the movement to suppress child labor, and other enlightened policies. But it has been strong for the tariff, and the vested interests everywhere, and so it was well worth a year's subscription of $3,000. And *Gunton's Magazine!* No one but Mr. Archbold ever dreamed that it was worth $5,000 a year to anybody. The next step proposed by that obsequious friend of the Standard Oil, former Congressman Sibley, was to obtain "a permanent and healthy control of the Associated Press and other avenues" of publicity. With that in its power, Mr. Archbold and Mr.

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Rockefeller would be largely freed from such criticism as has irritated them for several years past. But such control would have been a terrible blow at the final bulwark of the American people.

The new Massachusetts savings bank, insurance, and annuity system progresses steadily. Since the Whitman Savings Bank opened its insurance and annuity department in June last, the Bridgewater Savings Bank and the Ludlow Savings Bank have become its agents in their localities. The People's Savings Bank in Brockton, the great shoe town, opens its own insurance department this week. It is through private agencies, however, that the real extension is looked for. Twenty-one business houses have become agents of the Whitman Savings Bank, or have made applications for permission to be its agents. Some of these concerns are of first-rate importance, among them the Regal Shoe Company, the Phelps Publishing Company, and the American Hide and Leather Company. Among the philanthropic organizations appointed agents are South End House, the People's Institute, and the Women's Educational and Industrial Union. One of the largest department stores is advertising its readiness to take premiums for policies, and the Boston Central Labor Union has also become an agent. The labor men in Boston have been quick to see the advantages of the system, and it is proposed that eventually every union shall become an agent. Thus, it is evident that the experiment, while still plainly an experiment, becomes increasingly worth watching.

In the announcement of the Boston *Herald* that it has abandoned its Sunday "comic supplement," there lies a faint hope that American journalism may yet rid itself of a disgrace. A distinct movement against these colored supplements has for some time been noticeable. Educational conferences have resolved against them. Meetings of mothers have protested that their influence is degrading, and have called upon newspapers to discontinue them. Such public objection has been gathering force and volume; and it is in obedience, the *Herald* says, to the appeals of parents and teachers that it has resolved to banish "the clown of the newspaper establishment." Clownish and vulgar, the colored "comics" undeniably are. It is a reproach to our civilization that they should have been allowed to swarm over the land. They are a glory all our own. No other journalism has anything like them. They leave visiting foreigners aghast. For the reproach inevitably runs beyond the individual editor or journal, and is an impeachment of the taste and even common sense of the whole country. Who has not seen intelligent Germans, Frenchmen, and Englishmen completely puzzled by the Sunday "comic"? It is a phenomenon which they cannot in the least understand. They meet Americans freely, and find that they are not so different from other peoples. The average of our taste and manners does not strike them as extraordinarily low; and they are even ready to compliment us, until they see the Sunday supplements! Then they ask if Americans are really grown up, if they are really educated, if they really ever discriminate between what is childish and what is mature, what is tawdry and what is excellent. Material which in no other country in the world would be offered to anybody but infants or idiots, is here gravely thrust upon presumably intelligent readers, and hailed as a great advance in journalism!

We are familiar with the defence of the Sunday comic. It is alleged that the comic supplements always embody "pure morals"! It is said, too, that children require picture-writing of a glaring sort, and the quiet intimation is that most purchasers of the newspapers having Sunday comics are children intellectually. As a matter of fact, we believe, the majority of people throw away the colored supplements along with other rubbish. They regard them as a freak which may possibly interest vacant-minded housemaids or a casual coal-heaver, but which can appeal to no sensible person. A kind of false and hollow prestige has been artificially created about the Sunday comic, which a careful investigation of the facts would, we believe, entirely shatter. The experiment of the Boston *Herald* will therefore be watched with interest. That journal may find that it will gain in prosperity as well as in self-respect by ceasing to affront the taste of its intelligent patrons. The question rests ultimately with the public. Why should Americans tolerate, or patronize, a form of witless and vulgar journalism which could exist nowhere else in the world? The complaint is almost universal that American Sunday newspapers are too bulky. When they seriously set about reducing their dropsical proportions, they cannot make a better beginning than by cutting away the so-called comic supplements, which are really more tragic than comic, and more barbaric than either.

The detailed figures of the general election in Canada emphasize a fact of which the Laurier government has been cognizant since the autumn of 1905—a fact which explains why Sir Wilfrid and Mr. Fielding, the Minister of Finance, were so confident that, in spite of the well-grounded charges of corruption in the Liberal party, the Conservatives would not come into office as a result of the appeal to the constituencies. The returns, taken province by province, show that the farming population of Canada would not give its support to a political party that was pledged to higher duties than those in the tariff of 1906. Three years ago, when the Tariff Commission visited each of the provinces, its members—Messrs. Fielding, Paterson, and Brodeur—were not long in discovering that where the farmers are well organized in farmers' and grain-growers' associations there was the most strenuous opposition to any new concessions to the protected manufacturers of Ontario, Quebec, and Nova Scotia. These organizations are strong in the three prairie provinces, in Ontario, and also in Prince Edward Island; and when the Tariff Commissioners held their public sessions in the centres of population, representatives of the farmers' associations and the granges never failed to put in an appearance. From Calgary in the west to Charlottetown in Prince Edward Island, the case of these farmer delegates, when they came before the Commission, was the same. They were disappointed that the Liberals, between 1897 and 1905, had not carried out the fiscal pledges in the Ottawa Liberal Programme of 1893; they were displeased at the curtailment of the preference on British woollens, made at the instance of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in 1904; they were hostile to the

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bounty system for the iron and steel industry; and they were emphatic in their opposition to any higher duties on imports from the United States.

Many duties were slightly increased at the revision of 1906. There were also numerous inroads on the British preference; but in response to the demands of the farmers' associations some small reductions were made in the duties on agricultural implements. Generally, however, the changes in 1906 were in favor of the manufacturers; and the changes would have been more numerous and of more value to the protected interests, had it not been for the organized opposition of the farmers. It was obvious to any one who followed the public proceedings which preceded the revision of 1906, that the Laurier government went just as far as it dared in making concessions to the protected manufacturers, and also to the bounty-supported iron and steel industries of Nova Scotia and Ontario. But Borden and Foster, the leaders of the Conservative Opposition in the House of Commons, failed to realize where the rural voters of the Dominion stood. Borden and Foster committed themselves and their followers in Parliament to the abolition of the British preference, and to a tariff against the United States as high as Haman's gallows. This policy gained them a couple of seats in Halifax and a seat in Hamilton; but in rural Canada they made no gains.

The longer the German Emperor's "blazing indiscretion" is studied, the more incomprehensible appears his motive. International indiscretions usually turn out to the advantage of some country, or to the furtherance of some policy, but in this case William II appears to have offended everybody and to have gained no conceivable end. In his own Empire, nothing which he has ever done has brought such general disapproval upon him. If he thought to smooth down English public sentiment, his mistake seems just as huge, for the outcry and suspicion of all things German, which have so long marked certain newspapers in England, have been distinctly heightened by the Kaiser's awkward attempt to show that his policy has been pro-British. As for France and Russia, his revelation of their secret diplomatic attitude during the Boer war, has plainly provoked bad feeling, not to say rage. The inevitable effect is to bind closer their *entente* with England, instead of breaking it, as some thought the Emperor's intention to be. Yet it is at home that he will have to face the most serious consequences of his blunder. Von Bülow's proffered resignation shows clearly that the Chancellor perceives the demand of the German people that somebody be punished for a false step which has so hurt the national pride. At the meeting of the Reichstag this week unpleasant questions are certain to be asked, and the whole problem of ministerial responsibility may be raised in acuter form than ever. For a ruler who, whatever his faults of impulsiveness and vainglory, has been supposed at least to know his people well, the German Emperor's gross misreading of public opinion in his own country is certainly extraordinary.

Diplomacy never appeared to better advantage than in smoothing out the Balkan difficulties. For a time it certainly looked as if the prophets of war were at last going to be justified, so sudden and grave were the complications. Hostilities might so easily have been precipitated on the side of either Turkey or Austria, Bulgaria or Servia. But a little time and much patience and an exchange of views among the great Powers, have wrought marvels. It is now certain that there will be a European conference to pass upon the whole question, and the programme for it is nearing an agreement. The speech which the Austrian Foreign Minister made last week puts his country in a more reasonable attitude. Austria is now willing to have the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina discussed at the conference, to be sure as an "accomplished fact," but still as a step entitling Turkey to compensation or fresh guarantees. This puts Baron von Aehrenthal in line with the agreement between Russia and England, already announced, and also, in general, with the understanding reached by the Russian Foreign Minister, Mr. Isvolsky, during his visit to Paris. The whole negotiation is a fine example of what can be done in constituting an international tribunal to settle international disputes peacefully, instead of flying to arms to seek a settlement which settles nothing.

There has recently ended at Rome an international congress which was of great interest. The King and the Italian Colonial Institute conceived and executed the scheme of banding together Italians the world over for advancement of their common welfare. One thinks at once of the Pan-Germanic League, the Pan-Slavic, the Pan-Islamic movements, their fanatical race hatred, and imperialistic programmes. Pan-Italianism has only decadent Latin ideals, to wit, peace, prosperity, and culture. The delegates, who came from half a hundred lands, studied the laws of countries with Italian communities, in the hope of protecting Italians, particularly against military service and disfranchisement. They devised plans for installing, wherever there is an Italian quarter of any size, a friendly representative who shall organize clubs, warn against impostors and be socially useful. They struggled with the regulation of emigration, with the idea eventually of blacklisting countries, towns, and employers that treat Italians ill, of making return to the fatherland easy by selling cheap transportation, and of establishing a world-wide labor bureau, with government aid. They suggested the distribution of Dante and Petrarch over-sea, and the teaching of their tongue in the schools of the *stranieri*. And, to hasten the realization of their plans, it was proposed to hold an exposition three years hence, for the display of Italian emigrants' industry and culture. These are great aspirations, perhaps too great ever to be satisfied, but there is nothing in them which need disturb the most timid diplomat. Not even the most ardent *congressista* hinted at political aggrandizement, and the congress opened with explicit disavowals of that aim. How much more profitable than older kinds this modest nationalism is to the mother country, the world is witness. Italy is not spending millions in building up colonies; she lets her sons pay their own way; sends them only a few consuls, advisers, teachers, and books, and sees her banks flooded with deposits from abroad, her spaghetti and chianti exporters worked to distraction, and an army of travellers returning home for vacation to spend a year's savings. Let us allow amply for racial differences; the contrast still reads the Imperialist a sermon.

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THE DEFEAT OF MR. BRYAN.

The overwhelming defeat of Mr. Bryan cannot be accepted as an unqualified endorsement of the Republican party and its policies: it is rather a sign that a reassuring majority of our citizens entertain a wholesome distrust of the fluent agitator with his cheap panaceas. In spite of corruption in the Republican organization, the electorate has turned to Mr. Taft as more likely to conduct the government firmly and steadily in a troublous time. Both candidates are men of attractive personal qualities, and on this score there was practically no choice. But Mr. Bryan has been unable to convince the country that he possesses that clearness of mind, soundness of judgment, and executive capacity which are the indispensable qualities of a good President. The people have not forgiven him his advocacy of free silver and of government ownership of railways—not because either of these policies is at present a menace, but because his adherence to them is evidence of the ineradicable mental traits of a visionary. The progress of this campaign—as in 1896 and 1900—served only to deepen the popular misgiving as to Mr. Bryan. Except in 1896, when free silver was the only question, he has failed to stand unwaveringly for definite issues. In 1900 he professed deep attachment to the principles of anti-imperialism and tariff reform; but he soon drifted away from those subjects, and devoted his energies to sweeping denunciations of capital and demagogic appeals to the laboring man. This year he followed the same uncertain course. At the beginning he spoke loudly for anti-imperialism and revision of the tariff, but before long he relegated those topics to the background, fastened his attention to a fantastic and impossible scheme for regulation of the Trusts, and in general fell into his old unstable ways. The result has proved afresh that unless the party in power is hopelessly divided and demoralized, and the country is seething with discontent, an opposition cannot succeed without a clear-cut constructive programme. In tariff reform and economical administration Mr. Bryan had issues to which the Democratic party has been historically attached, but he deliberately threw them away.

It is now plain that from the point of view of mere party tactics, of making the best of a losing fight, the nomination of Mr. Bryan was an egregious blunder. His chances of carrying New York were from the first very slight, and without New York he could not possibly win unless he could sweep a group of large Western States, say Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin, or else some of the small States. While it was entirely conceivable that one or more of these States, which gave Roosevelt such handsome majorities in 1904, might go Democratic it was not for a moment to be supposed that all of them would slip their Republican moorings. A Democrat like Gov. Johnson of Minnesota, Judge Gray of Delaware, or Judson Harmon of Ohio, that is, a man of steadiness and tested capability would have been far stronger in the East, and especially in this pivotal State, and at the same time, as the vote on the State tickets in Ohio, Indiana, and Minnesota indicates, would have fared better than Bryan in the West. But the Democratic organization, dominated—we might better say destroyed—by Bryan, was in no mood to follow safe and sane guidance. It ran after Bryan and his vagaries, and it lost the support of those large centres of population the votes of which were essential to its success. This is the fourth bitter lesson which the party has had. Its only victories since the civil war were under Cleveland. Its only possible victories in the future, we are convinced, depend upon its return to the leadership of men like Cleveland and to those sound principles by which he triumphed.

To Mr. Taft we look for the fulfilment of those solemn promises—particularly for reform of the tariff—to which he and his party are committed. Notwithstanding the returns from the polls, there is widespread dissatisfaction with the recklessness and extravagance which have been encouraged by twelve years of unbroken Republican ascendency. The huge increase in the cost of government, the enormous sums spent on army and navy, the rapid multiplication of offices—all these things have irritated and alarmed sober and quiet people. More menacing yet has been the open alliance between the protected manufacturers and the Republican politicians for the exploitation of the farmers and the vast mass of the consumers. It is not conceivable that this sinister partnership can continue as in the past. The new and radical element which is gaining control of the Republican organization in the West will fight the stolid "stand-patters" like Aldrich and Cannon, and it may be set down as a certainty that if Mr. Taft does not join with them in the task of setting the Republican house in order and in casting the money-changers out of the temple, some man of foresight and power will come forward to wage the battle in behalf of the people. The great cause will produce the champion, as it produced Lincoln, and later Cleveland. If Taft be not the man, then another. But we believe that Mr. Taft will rise to the wonderful opportunity which the voters of the United States, confident of his integrity and high purpose, now offer him.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

Let me call your attention to the fact that this "night-rider" business is essentially a hopeful development. It is the first fruits of the mob spirit reaching higher with its lawless hand. I have no doubt but that the two prominent lawyers in Tennessee, who have just suffered horribly at the hands of a mob, have many a time shrugged their shoulders nonchalantly over the lynching of negroes. When the mob spirit begins, as it is beginning, to "hoist the colonels by their own petard," the dominating forces of public opinion are going to see what some of us have been pointing out all the time, that the mob that lynched the negro for the *unnamable* crime is father to the mob that lynched him for *other* crimes, and grandfather to the mob that now lynches him for *no* crime, and great-grandfather to the mob that lynches the white man and burns his property.

This extract from a private letter from a prominent Southerner goes to the mark. For years we have maintained that the lynching of negroes in the South must stop, if for no other reason than that lynching of whites was sure to follow. No mob of excited, irresponsible, drunken men, North or South, can be trusted to enforce lynch law with discrimination. Some tried it in Springfield, Illinois, only to find out afterwards that the man originally accused was innocent; they did not confine themselves to seeking him out, but killed, robbed, and destroyed at random. The forces of evil once unleashed, no one can direct and no public sentiment can control, whether in Illinois or in Tennessee or in Mississippi. Granted, if you please, for the sake of argument, that there is a higher Anglo-

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Saxon law, which compels short work with the criminal where the "unmentionable crime" is committed, it has long been evident that its self-appointed instruments never stop there. They go from hanging to burning; from killing for rape to slaughtering for an impertinent remark; from lynching men to torturing women; and then, the spirit of lawlessness being well-rooted, they kill whites who have offended them, or who sell their tobacco when and where they please.

The descent of this road to barbarism is facile and swift. Examples of it are more frequent in the South, partly because that region, misled by the cessation of the Ku Klux horrors, believed that lynching could be held in sufficient check. We have in mind a community in northern Alabama where the lynchings and burnings of innocent and guilty alike became so menacing that the neighboring sheriff at Wetumpka found it necessary to form a posse and round up the entire crowd, whose "defence of white womanhood" had created a new sport—nigger-killing—superior to any other local amusement. Twelve white men were sent to the chain-gang or driven away, and there has been peace between the races and obedience to the laws ever since. Two years ago there was reported a horrible case where a negro woman in Mississippi, accused only of being the wife of a man alleged to have done wrong, was tortured as by savages, fine splinters being driven into her flesh and set on fire. Nobody was punished. No community could tolerate such a crime, and not sink in the scale of civilization. Were the law similarly permitted to fall into disrepute and disuse in New York or Massachusetts, we should have our night-riders, too. There is no such thing as saying to lynchers: "Thus far and no farther."

Every one is sorry for the prominent Tennessee victim, Capt. Quinten Rankin, whose murder has stirred that State. But if the active measures against lynching that have followed that crime mean that the sober elements of the South are at last roused, he will not have died in vain. The South has been playing with fire; it has been in the position of the man who takes cocaine to dull a local irritation only to find that his whole system has been ruined. Some striking event has been needed to convince people that lawlessness knows no color line. If out of it all comes the belief that every man, South, North, East, or West, is entitled to his day in court, this country will have taken a great step forward; and more will have been accomplished for the welfare of the South than by the opening of a thousand factories or the building of a thousand miles of railway. For lawlessness costs the South—and every other community where it occurs—in dollars and cents, as well as in the lowering of civilized standards. There must be a far-reaching programme—the arousing of public sentiment, the quickening of courts, the abolition of chain-gangs, the patrolling of the States by well-disciplined constabulary, and, above all, the relentless punishment of lynchers.

But it is not the South alone that cries for reform. We must visit the same condemnation upon mob crime wherever it occurs. For whatever its form, whether it be cattle-raiding in Wyoming or cotton-burning in North Carolina, it is one of the most infectious diseases that can afflict this republic.

THE PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

At the final hearing last week on the New York city budget, several speakers urged that a fund be provided for the unemployed. It was said, and we fear with too much truth, that New York will have to deal this winter with the problem of many men out of work. Other municipalities, and other parts of the country, will be face to face with the same question. During the first year of our business depression, we have got on surprisingly well. Workingmen out of a job have drawn upon their savings, or in the summer months have been able to turn their hand to casual labor. But unless a marked improvement comes, the second winter will bring the pinch. and the question of finding ways and means of meeting the case bids fair to be as pressing with us as it has been in Germany and England.

The difficulty is old and world-wide; its intensity is all that marks off the present crisis from those of the past. Most public men admit that no thoroughly scientific study of the problem has yet been made. This was the burden of Winston Churchill's recent speech on the subject at Dundee. All can see evils; few can prescribe effective remedies. The trouble with most of the proposals to apply temporary palliatives to a disorganized labor market, is that they directly tend to make such disorganization permanent. An inspector of the Local Government Board in England recently reported that "irregular relief work has such charms that numerous instances have been noted of men throwing up regular wages at 18 and 19 shillings a week, to earn 5 to 7 shillings [on part time] in a stone yard." There lies the ever-present danger in "making work." The work is badly and expensively done; and what is really "made" is an addition to the ranks of the habitually unemployed. President Roosevelt took up the topic in his letter of last week, Monday. He too, called for "applied science"; but made a hasty and rather unscientific jump to a conclusion, when he said that "we can solve this problem of the unemployed best by having no more unemployable." If that is anything more than a phrase, or the expression of a pious hope, it must mean that a great many defectives, tramps, loafers, and malingerers are to be either knocked on the head or else miraculously transformed. But even if there were to be, through some magic, no more "unemployable," there would come times with a lack of employment. So the need for the President's applied science would remain much as before.

With or without applied science, the English government is just now taking some practical steps which are of great interest all over the world. Mr. Asquith, not many days ago, made a careful statement to the House of Commons concerning the government's plans. He declared that the emergency, while acute, was temporary, and did not involve any question of party policy. In this, by the way, Mr. Balfour had agreed with him in advance. Some English protectionists, as reckless as they are ridiculous, have been putting it about that there would be no unemployed in England if that country had a high tariff. But Mr. Balfour has sense enough and fairness enough to disown such clap-trap; and in a recent speech at Dumfries declared that a change in the tariff would be no remedy for unemployment or oscillations in trade. Premising, therefore, that the government's measures would not be exposed to par-

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tisan attack, Mr. Asquith explained their nature. In the first place, such public works as could be expedited would be pushed so as to furnish more employment. Men would be, for example, engaged at various naval stations in repair work which ordinarily would not have been undertaken till next year. The Admiralty would make haste to place contracts in November which it had not been intended to close till January. Moreover, the War Office was preparing to take on 24,000 recruits in the special reserve between now and next March. Those three items included about all that the government could do directly. Indirectly, it was loaning money to borough governments and other local authorities, in order to promote public improvements which would incidentally provide work. Up to date, this year, such loans had amounted to more than $20,000,000. Out of the money thus made available, projected water works would be constructed, sewers dug, new paving laid, etc.

This general policy of hastening, or enlarging, really useful public works, at a time when men are looking for employment, obviously has much in its favor. It is not "making work," in the futile sense. The thing is to be done, in any event; and if hastening it will help relieve temporary distress, the argument for doing so seems good. On the Continent, municipalities have long adjusted their activity in public works so as to fit the dull time in the labor market. They push improvements more in winter than in summer. Such is, for example, the announced policy of the city of Nuremberg, this year. There can be no serious objection to the plan, thus conceived. But clear-eyed statesmen will not fail to see that the method is both halting and expensive. This was plainly confessed by Mr. Asquith. In loaning money to the local authorities so that they might take on more men, it is expressly stipulated that the government shall bear the extra cost of employing inefficient labor. This is because the unemployed are too often the incompetent. To give work to them means that the labor-cost will be higher. Mr. Asquith said that it would be higher by from 5 to 40 per cent., in different places. That burden is assumed, and there can be no concealing it. Still, as between paying unskilled or lazy workmen more than they are worth, and having to support them outright in poorhouses or by out-relief, the advantage may be on the side of employment, even if costly.

The whole question is most complicated. We can feel our way to its solution only step by step. The first need is undoubtedly a complete exposition of the facts, with a rigorous study of the way in which plans of relief actually work out. Until we get something like that, we should do well to be on our guard against nostrums. Most of them reduce down, as Harold Cox has alleged in Parliament, to "preferential employment for the unfit." But the distress is genuine. The cry of the human will be heard in all our cities this winter. We must not wait for a complete and satisfying solution of the problem before doing what we can, even partially and stumblingly. Charity should be made as intelligent as possible, but the demands upon it in the coming six months are likely to be exceptionally urgent.

OUR DENOMINATIONAL COLLEGES

"The Relations of Christian Denomination to Colleges," a paper which President Henry S. Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation read before the Conference on Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, has been published in the *Educational Review* for October, and is now reprinted in a pamphlet. The discussion is very suggestive, not only as indicating the reasons why the Carnegie Foundation refuses to aid sectarian institutions, but also as throwing light on large tendencies in higher education. Here, as in his various reports, President Pritchett speaks with candor and courage, and he makes it clear that the whole influence of the Foundation is to be thrown on the side of truthfulness and the highest ideals in education. No one who is familiar with the facts can deny Mr. Pritchett's statement:

> No publications, unless they be those of life insurance companies, have been more misleading than American college catalogues. If any man doubt this, let him visit a number of colleges and compare the claims of the catalogues with the realities.

To make the realities measure up to the claims and to make both what they should be, is the end to which Mr. Pritchett devotes his argument.

He does not for a moment intimate that a denomination may not consistently maintain a college: all he asks is that such relations shall be open and consistent. A church may hold that "in order to carry out its legitimate work and advance its cause, it must control and direct a certain number of institutions of higher learning in which men may grow up trained in its ideals and devoted to its service." Secondly, a church may conduct colleges "on the ground of its fitness and efficiency as an educational agency." There is one other relation:

> A Christian organization may take the position that all colleges and universities, being influential agencies in the training of men, are also agencies for moral and religious influence, and, therefore, the Church will seek by friendly coöperation, by sympathetic fellowship, by all the means of Christian activity, to make itself a religious influence in all institutions of higher learning without assuming their control or support.

The first conception of the college as an agency for advancing the work of the church is, as Mr. Pritchett notes, "clear-cut and consistent." But the difficulties of that method are increasing year by year. The denominational colleges established a century ago, or even fifty years ago, needed no large endowment and no elaborate apparatus in the way of dormitories, laboratories, and libraries, in order to compete with other institutions of higher learning. A college was not quite so simple a thing as Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other; but, after all, that definition was not so wide of the mark. But if any one wants a striking object lesson, let him turn to the West. The Mississippi Valley is filled with struggling little denominational colleges. Three or four decades ago, they held their heads up with the best in their region, but now they are completely overshadowed. But few of them can begin to compete with the great State universities either in quality of teaching or material equipment. The better teachers and the brighter and more ambitious youth are inevitably drawn to the universities, and the feeble colleges fall farther and farther behind in the race. Thus the denominations are not getting first-rate men from their own institutions, which, therefore, no longer serve the purpose for which they were intended. These facts Mr. Pritchett substantiates in detail by statistics which must give pause to every advocate of the denominational college; for they make it plain that, as a class, such in-

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stitutions, when compared with either privately endowed or tax-supported undenominational colleges, are a lamentable failure. The theory that a church has "peculiar fitness and efficiency as an educational agency" may be dismissed in a few words. It is based on the absurd assumption that a college may properly be controlled by another organization, the primary object of which is not education, but the propagation of a certain religious faith. The secondary object is in the long run bound to be subordinated to the primary. President Pritchett's conclusion, then, is that the wisest way is for the church to exert its influence in the college just as it exerts it in the community "by helpful co-operation, by Christian friendliness, by sympathetic fellowship." From this view, few men who are not passionate sectarians will dissent.

Most denominational colleges were laboring under heavy disabilities, even before the establishment of the Carnegie Foundation. Iowa, for example, has six little Methodist colleges, but were all their resources consolidated, they could not match those of the State University of Wisconsin or of Illinois. With the Carnegie Foundation offering its retiring pensions to the teachers in the non-sectarian institutions, the sectarian will be at a still greater disadvantage. This make-weight would seem almost irresistible. Almost, but not quite; for an endowed institution dies hard. Another twenty or thirty years must probably elapse before the rank and file of the Methodists of Iowa—and their case is typical—can grasp the fact that in maintaining six colleges instead of one they are dividing and wasting their energies. Even then, it will be hard to cast aside local jealousies and formulate comprehensive schemes for consolidation and unity of effort. Common action by denominations which now maintain rival colleges will be still harder. The day when the Presbyterian lion shall lie down with the Baptist lamb is yet far off. But unless differences are sunk and money and energy are concentrated, many of the denominational colleges, so called, will be forced to devote themselves, as some of them do already, to the work of the secondary school, or fitting academy.

THE POETRY OF EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON.

In 1878 there was published at the author's charges "Poems and Transcripts" by a new writer, Eugene Lee-Hamilton. The book contained some ten narratives in blank verse, above a score of experiments in classical elegiacs, a sheaf of lyrics in freer rhythms, and fifteen versions from Goethe and the Italian poets. There can rarely have been a more unpromising first volume. The blank verse has no movement; the elegiacs have the fatal monotony of a form never really adaptable in English; the lyrics are mediocre; only the translations give a hint of technical facility. In short, "Poems and Transcripts" looked sadly like the book of verse that every cultivated Englishman is but too likely to perpetrate at the instigation of his friends. Still, it grew out of strange circumstances, and was the work of no common man. Eugene Lee-Hamilton had early made his mark in diplomacy. His youth had been passed on the Continent, and the chief modern languages were virtually native to him. Thus, in spite of the desultoriness of his schooling, he took the coveted Taylorian Scholarship at Oxford. An opening in the Foreign Office drew him from Oriel, where Cecil Rhodes was a classmate, to a desk in Downing Street. By 1869, his twenty-fifth year, he was an *attaché* at Paris. The post proved most wearing. It involved many changes of place, following the waning fortunes of the Emperor, and during the Commune responsibilities frequently of a heartrending sort. Young Lee-Hamilton recklessly added to arduous public duties severe private studies. The ultimate breakdown was fairly in sight when he was transferred to Geneva, as a secretary to the Alabama Claims Commission. By this time the apprehensions of Downing Street were aroused, for he was sent to Lisbon in the hope of recuperation in that soft climate. There the blow fell in the form of a stubborn fever which left him utterly prostrated in body and spirit. In 1874, Lee-Hamilton was carried to Florence on his back, and placed on an especially constructed wheeled couch from which he never stirred for twenty years. His mother and his young half-sister, who was to become precociously famous as the critic "Vernon Lee," surrounded him with the most delicate ministrations. But his infirmity was of a sort to baffle even the tact and love arrayed against it. The visits of friends, the reading of their letters, had to be measured by minutes. Poetry, his favorite solace, was read to him a few lines at a time. His own poems were built up verse by verse uttered at long intervals. A single line represented not infrequently a day's work. What is right to be told about these twenty bitter years Lee-Hamilton has set down in his poetry with artistic poignancy and restraint. He would have been the last man to submit to any sentimental transference of compassion for his pains to the credit of his writing.

In view of his swift progress in poesy one must regard the reminiscent narratives in "Poems and Transcripts" as perfunctory recreations. Whoever took the dubious hazard of advising him to publish was pretty well justified two years later on the appearance of "Gods, Saints, and Men." None of the twelve narratives and ballads composing this second volume represent him at his best, but we find him at least in command of his medium. The rhymed narratives run off trippingly, are enlivened by a quaint humor, make their dramatic points. Such a character study in blank verse as the "Rival of Fallopius," defending the vivisection of a human subject, is not merely grim and sententious, but has the dramatic verisimilitude for which we usually look to Browning. In the tale "The Fiddle and the Slipper," which it would be hard to excel in its kind, the weaving of the *Dies iræ* into the description of the approach to the scaffold gives a peculiar thrill. It was presumably suggested by the cathedral scene of "Faust," but it strikes for the first time a note peculiarly our poet's.

Naturally, certain literary influences were strong in Lee-Hamilton's beginnings. Goethe one finds always. Rossetti's leading is unmistakable in such a ballad as "The Rhyme of the Reeds"; in fact, Lee-Hamilton must always have found a beacon in the painter-poet. Any direct impulse from Browning I cannot detect. A kindred curiosity in all human matters, an especial connoisseurship in the monstrous passions and ambitions of the Italian renaissance, Lee-Hamilton undoubtedly shared with Browning, but their literary methods are almost antithetical. The appalling discursiveness, the whimsical indirectness of approach, of Browning you will never find in Lee-Hamilton. The two poets touch, and that casually, only in the ballad. Wordsworth at his narrative best is the truer parallel for the austere and pregnant method of the author of "The Emperor on the Ledge" and "The Rival of Fallopius." But I know no poet of our times, great or small, who was more essentially his own man than Lee-Hamilton. He literally grew into the Italy that was read and reported at his bedside, or at best viewed askance when the couch was wheeled into the garden or set bodily upon the family landau. And the moulding influence of Italy is also progressively apparent in his work. One will recall how such an experience chastened the diffuseness of Byron and lent plastic form to the vaporous visions of Shelley. In Lee-Hamilton's case we

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see the clarifying process in a fairly miraculous phase. So far as accomplishment went, the paralytic who was brought to Florence at thirty was no poet at all, and the writer of "Poems and Transcripts," published four years later, was that worse thing, an indifferent poet; while the author of "Gods, Saints, and Men" (1880) was a poet to reckon with, and the sonneteer who first addressed the public in "The New Medusa," 1882, gave, as it now seems, substantial gages to immortality. At first glance so strange an apparition troubles all our preconceptions as to the inspirational quality of genius. One mistrusts a little this amazing invalid who made himself a spacious name in poetry by simply pegging away, a line or two at a time, as his pains permitted him. But Lee-Hamilton could have no more reassuring advocate than his own verse.

With "The New Medusa" (1882) and "Apollo and Marsyas" (1884) mastery in the ballad and narrative is confirmed, mastery in the sonnet is clearly forecast. On the strength of the thirty sonnets in these two volumes that sensitive critic, the late E. C. Stedman, hailed the rise of a new luminary. But for the moment we are concerned rather with the semi-dramatic poems, which here reach their culmination. We are face to face with Lee-Hamilton's genius in its most idiosyncratic and perhaps most dubious manifestation. The question whether the world of horrors to which we are introduced in "The New Medusa," "The Idyl of the Anchorite," "The Mandolin," "Sister Mary of the Plague," "Abraham Carew," "Ipsissimus" is a liveable, hence an artistic, world is not readily answered. What warrant has a poet for bringing before us not merely transcripts of insanity, but inventions even more grewsome, and legends to which his imagination has lent a threefold horrific energy? Take "The New Medusa" as a typical example, noting first that in its sinuous triple rhyme it marks a long metrical advance. First comes the idyl—the adventurer who saves and loves a fair castaway, and with her wanders about the Mediterranean. Then his awful nameless suspicion of his mysterious bedfellow:

One night I had a nightmare in my sleep
For vividness and terror unsurpassed.
Methought I felt a snake's cold body creep
About my hand and throat, entwine them tight,
And o'er my breath a hideous mastery keep.
Awhile I lay all helpless in despite
Of agony, and felt the pressed veins swell,
Then forced a smothered cry into the night.
My cry awoke me, waking her as well,
When, panting still with nightmare fear, I found
That the black locks that on her bosom fell
Had crept about my throat and girt it round
So tightly as a while to stop the breath,
While other locks about my arms had wound.

In succeeding nightmares the dread fear approaches reality, until one night the lamp reveals the frightful image of the new Medusa, described by the poet in lines, to me, of a quite intolerable explicitness. This nightly metamorphosis is the penalty of a poisoner. I spare the reader the mad flight of the lover to the wilds and his return for swift vengeance, but one trait truly

For vividness and horror unsurpassed

should be given, so characteristic is it of our author's phantasmagoric energy. The avenger grasps a sword from the wall near which sleeps the loathly form:

I seized it, swung it high and let it fall
Like thunder on the sleeping Gorgon's neck
Before her eye could see or tongue could call.
And, O my God! as if herself a snake
Which, stricken of a sudden in its sleep,
Coils up and writhes all round the injuring stake,
She coiled about the weapon in a heap—

How far the power of this sort of thing redeems its unforgettable repulsiveness depends largely upon the reader's taste and nerves. Mine are not robust enough for the "New Medusa" and three or four of the other tales. To take this attitude towards the more famous ballad, "Sister Mary of the Plague," would, it seems to me, show a certain lack of perception. On the face of it nothing can be more ghastly, more intolerable, than the subject itself—a nun who walks the hospital wards, a ministering angel by day, only to return by night a vampire, draining the life blood of those she tends. Yet the awfulness of this is balanced by the sense that it is a fate and she a product of old unconscious sin; by the shudder with which she learns her own condition, finally by the triumphant irony of the young soldier, who, dying, boasts her kiss upon his neck. It is as if there were an appeal to a hopeful average human nature to which these terrors of the night are not because it will not acknowledge them. In all it seems to me that this ballad is a model of horror distilled into a perfect form of art.

But a precise appraisal of the narratives is the less imperative because better waters lie ahead. The "Imaginary Sonnets" of 1888 mark a bifurcation. The caravels of lyric and drama are to part a little and then sail parallel to the end. To conjure up from the deep of time one hundred souls, to make each of them speak and bow himself off within fourteen intricately rhymed verses—this is no mean achievement. Among so many how shall one choose? Shall I take Henry the First's tragic appeal to the sea that has swallowed his son? Laura's placid acknowledgment of the luxury of votive verse? Sir Thomas More's pathetic farewell to his wife? Galletti's summons of Ariosto to fairyland? Faustus's apostrophe to Helena? Charles Edward's return of thanks to his last friend, his bottle? Any one of these, or of twenty others, would illustrate the extraordinary feat of making the sonnet do the work of the dramatic lyric. Let me choose instead for its cosmic sentiment the sonnet

GALILEO TO THE EARTH.
(1638.)

And yet it moves, it spins, through night and day,
With dumb terrific speed; and town and throng,
Mountain and tossing sea, are whirled along,
And not one drop is lost upon the way.

On Heaven's dustless paths the Lord can play
With heavier balls than ours; and there among
Unnumbered spheres that never can go wrong,
He's hurled us on our course and we obey.

O Earth, I feel thee quiver under foot;
I feel the whizzing of thy ceaseless flight,
As other whirling planets past us shoot;

I feel thee bounding like a ship at night
Through unseen waves. To guide us, God has put
On every skyey coast a starry light.

In the light of his whole accomplishment the "Imaginary Sonnets" seem chiefly a prodigious exercise. The skill with which this literary setting-up drill is conducted may deceive us as to its true nature. One readily forgets how artificial is the compression of these great themes within the miniature frame of the sonnet. Here are Ponce de Leon and Ezelin taken at what later were to become the crises of dramas. Does not this suggest a keen discrepancy between form and material?

For a middle-aged paralytic to dictate painfully line by line a "Fantastic Tragedy" on the Fountain of Youth seems a consummate irony, and I fancy that Lee-Hamilton would hardly have found the audacity to undertake a task of this extent if he had not sensed dimly the obscure return of life to his wasted limbs. However that be, this lyrical tragedy moves in realms of pure romance, unattenuated by the sarcasm that underlies it all. Ponce de Leon is presented not as the mild visionary we think him, but as a grim fanatic. A sorcerer who has exhausted all his arts for the recovery of youth, he at last sets out for the fabled fountain

Beyond the setting sun,
A thousand miles to westward of the west.

After infinite perils from storm, mutiny, and blistering calm, he reaches King Atalpa's realm, an island with a deathless and ever youthful monarch, where legend sets the noble fountain. And here it is eminently characteristic of

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Lee-Hamilton's invention that the fountain should be not an enthusiast's dream, but a dire fraud. Atalpa is a title, not a man. The king is ever young because covertly removed and replaced before age can touch him. There is no life-giving fountain, but merely a pool, in the pestilential forest, inhabited by witches and poisoners, all devoted to the cult of the great Murdress. To her, a monstrous flower that feeds on men as the monkey cup does on flies, Ponce de Leon is induced to deliver his daughter as hostage and victim. He himself, ambushed and smitten by a poisoned dart, falls by a common spring, raving for a cup of its water. Against all this deceit shines the frail but heroic form of the daughter Rosita, whom a lover's daring does not avail to save. There is also a villain after Marlowe's heart—the Jew Barabbas was less sinister—in Agrippa, who fastens the delusion upon his master's soul and betrays to the worshippers of the monstrous flower the maiden he himself fails to win. All this is developed in blank verse of surging, lyrical beauty, varied by rhymed choral *intermezzi*. This drama has a quality that I must call operatic, meaning the opera in its most significant phases. By a just and happy instinct, the author dubbed his poem "fantastic." And indeed, though admirably constructed as narrative, it has not the element of suspense that we expect in true drama. The end is foregone, and the action sweeps through increasing, but always gorgeous horror, to an inevitable doom. Nothing of Lee-Hamilton's is more essentially musical. I love to imagine what might have happened had "The Fountain of Youth" come before that rare genius overtaken at its noon by twilight, Edward Macdowell. For years he had sought the compelling theme for the opera that was never written, and who but he could have given musical expression to the oily seas, to the forest haunted by serpents, warlocks, and stealthy warriors leagued in the defence and worship of the Flower of Death? This fantastic tragedy is, possibly, his most individual contribution to English literature. As a large, complicated, and well-rounded structure it has a unique place in his work. "Ezelin," doubtless, would have overtopped it, perhaps does, but "Ezelin" was arrested in the making.

Even before his breakdown, the legend of Ezelin, the atrocious despot of Padua, had attracted Lee-Hamilton, and upon this theme he planned a tragedy that was to be his masterpiece. For more than twenty years the project lay in abeyance, yet not forgotten, for in the "Imaginary Sonnets" one finds Ezelin's apostrophe to his infernal sire in nearly the phrasing of the unpublished drama, while the prologue and one of the choruses were published among the selections in the volume of 1903 (Canterbury Poets). In the same year, disheartened by the fate of the "Fountain of Youth," he cast the matter which lay ready in his mind into the form of a novel. This has the interest of a first draft, but the undertaking was ill-advised, and even the courageous publisher did the author the unintentional indignity of inserting a banal adjective into the title, "The Lord of the Dark (Red) Star." Amid all the distractions of recovered health, and such laborious recreations as the translation of Dante, "Ezelin" remained Lee-Hamilton's chief concern. The manuscript abounds in hints of corrections and amplifications, but in all essentials the work is achieved. Were I to divulge too indiscreetly the character of this remarkable drama, I should ill requite the courtesy that has permitted its reading in manuscript. In its own time it must make its own impression. As a great study in diabolism, the theme was especially congenial. Among the many zealots of the impossible created by Lee-Hamilton, none is more tremendous than this actual son of Satan, conscious of his begetting and determined to work his father's will on earth. And Ezelin's world is pictured as a kind of death-struggle between the organized power of darkness and the meek yet imperishable influences of the Nazarene. The choral and supernatural machinery recall "The Fountain of Youth," the scene shifts between heaven, hell, and an Italy that partakes of both, but mostly of the pit. The march of the *terza rima*, which was curiously chosen as the prevailing form, may be felt in the prologue, "Adalhita," printed in the volume of 1903. "Ezelin" is his most ambitious work, and none displays more fully a certain dæmonic quality in his genius.

"Sonnets of the Wingless Hours," that deathless record of his prolonged death in life, was to be his farewell to the bed and the contracting walls. The pains of his malady began to diminish. After a couple of years of patient effort, the tortured head was raised from the pillow; the resurrection was effected. He walked among breathing men, and dealt with them on their own terms. He renewed the old joys of travel, carrying his pursuit of the fountain of youth as far as Kansas, where he, indeed, found increase of vigor. With life came love. In 1898, Miss Annie E. Holdsworth, the well-known Scottish novelist, became his wife. It seemed as if a kind of royal indemnity had been allotted by fate for the twenty years of dearth. The Lee-Hamiltons divided their time between the charming villa which glimpses the Valdarno from the ridge of San Gervasio and travel to the most romantic sites of Europe.

Before entering the enchanted archipelago of the sonnets one or two minor landmarks ask our gaze. The little volume, "Forest Notes," published in 1899 but written immediately after his marriage, is a kind of gay salutatory to his new life. In it husband and wife set down parallel musings, mostly caught from the New Forest in which the lines were penned. It represents Lee-Hamilton in a gayly reflective vein rare elsewhere in his work. The initial poem, his sestina "To the Forest," seems to me the finest and most spontaneous example of this highly conventional form in the English language. As for the translation of the "Inferno," published in 1898, and of the "Purgatorio," which remains in manuscript, it deserves more attention than it has received. The author adopted the line-for-line system, rejecting rhyme, but preserving the eleven-syllable measure. The version is as faithful as Longfellow's, and more readable.

At last the sonnets. They are the key not merely to Lee-Hamilton's heart, but to a strange twilight world. Their colors glow as do rich fabrics in the premature brown of a December evening. About a tortured singer who wrings a tense peace from restlessness moves a whole world of sprites, products of the wind, the snow, and the firelight; about the narrow couch glimmer from the depths strewn gems and sunken gold. And all these spectral shapes and treasures find their ordered place in that stately labyrinth of the sonnet. It is a world so rich and various that the reader must explore it for himself. The century and more of poems collected under the title "Sonnets of the Wingless Hours" (1894) had been written through the twenty motionless years just ended. They had been spoken line by line from the couch, which he quitted neither night nor day, addressed in the following sonnet:

TO MY WHEELED BED.

Hybrid of wrack and of Procrustes' bed,
Thou thing of wood, of leather, and of steel,
Round which, by day and night, at head and heel,
Crouch shadowy Tormentors, dumb and dread;

Round which the wingless Hours, with feet of lead
Forever crawl, in spite of fierce appeal,
And the dark Terrors dance their silent reel;
What will they do with thee when I am dead?

Lest men should ask, who find thee stowed away
In some old lumber room, what wretch was he
Who used so strange an engine night and day,

Fain would I have thee shivered utterly;
For please the Fates, no other son of clay
Will ever need so dire a bed as thee.

It would be easy to multiply examples of equal quality on themes associated with his affliction, but to do so would

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give a false impression. Certain of his friends have unwittingly implied that beyond such prison lyrics there is not much to be noted. The error is a natural product of sympathy, but is perhaps all the more serious on that account. The part of Lee-Hamilton's verse which represents him as a sufferer is small in amount, and could be eliminated without much diminishing his fame. None of the Sonnets of the Wingless Hours, for example, are more admirable than the group based on elvish fancies. This childlike vein might be illustrated by "The Death of Puck," a perfect fantasy, by "The Tiny Skate," "Oberon's Last Assembly," or many another. Probably the best appreciation of Lee-Hamilton, sonneteer, would be simply to reprint from his two hundred and more sonnets those that represent the various phases of his imagination. But so many-sided is his muse that this would be impracticable in the bounds of an essay. I must limit myself to quoting the well-known sonnet, "Idle Charon," which, aside from its beautiful form, displays the peculiar wistfulness with which Lee-Hamilton felt the decline of faith in himself as in the world; and the lines to Baudelaire—a sonnet which for its metrical splendor and sustained and appropriate imagery seems to me unexcelled in the language:

IDLE CHARON.

The shores of Styx are lone for evermore,
And not one shadowy form upon the steep
Looms through the dusk, as far as eyes can sweep,
To call the ferry over as of yore;

But tintless rushes, all about the shore,
Have hemmed the old boat in, where, locked in sleep,
Hoar-bearded Charon lies; while pale weeds creep
With tightening grasp all round the unused oar.

For in the world of Life strange rumours run
That now the Soul departs not with the breath,
But that the Body and the Soul are one;

And in the loved one's mouth, now, after death,
The widow puts no obol, nor the son,
To pay the ferry in the world beneath.

BAUDELAIRE.

A Paris gutter of the good old times,
Black and putrescent in its stagnant bed,
Save where the shamble oozings fringe it red,
Or scaffold trickles, or nocturnal crimes.

It holds dropped gold; dead flowers from tropic climes;
Gems true and false, by midnight maskers shed;
Old pots of rouge; old broken phials that spread
Vague fumes of musk, with fumes of slums and slimes.

And everywhere, as glows the set of day,
There floats upon the winding fetid mire
The gorgeous iridescence of decay:

A wavy film of colour, gold and fire,
Trembles all through it as you pick your way,
And streaks of purple that are straight from Tyre.

What will strike a practised reader in these sonnets is their ease. Lee-Hamilton found no form of verse amiss, but he is never more himself than in the highly artificial stanza perfected by Petrarch. And this idiomatic command of the Italian sonnet is pretty rare in English. With us it still wears a little the air of a difficult accomplishment. In its finest examples, Milton and Wordsworth, it tends to be a miniature ode. Few English Petrarchans have overcome a certain unnaturalness, a sense of going about a sublime fixed task. This a sensitive reader will feel in Matthew Arnold, and, I think, even in Keats. In Lee-Hamilton none of this. He wrote sonnets as he breathed. With Rossetti he shared an extraordinary power of modulating this instrument of fourteen strings and five permitted harmonies. It obeys him, and, like Rossetti, he takes royal liberties with it. Given the intractable quality of the English language, it is the ability to take these liberties furtively that shows the born sonneteer. In any comparative estimate Shakespeare is naturally set apart. His genius defies parallels; he declined to be bound by the laws of the form. But this much may, I feel, safely be said of Lee-Hamilton, that no English poet has written so many sonnets of the first or nearly the first order, unless it be Rossetti or Wordsworth.

In 1903 the life of the mated poets at S. Gervasio seemed perfected through the birth of a daughter. The child Persis was promptly rechristened by the kindly Tuscans Mimma Bella, the Beautiful Baby, and by that name posterity is likely to remember her brief day in the sunshine. She lived two years, and when she was swiftly taken away it remained for her father, shattered by the blow, to write her elegy. Day by day, and then in the better intervals of ever-increasing weakness and depression, this chaplet of sonnets was put together. Lee-Hamilton outlived by little this memorial to his only child. In two years' time the father lay in the Tuscan earth beside the daughter. So, as we approach Lee-Hamilton's last, and, I think, most perfect work, criticism becomes practically out of the question. A father's grief transpires so directly from the twenty sonnets constituting the elegy "Mimma Bella" that one shares the sorrow, and finds no heart for analysis. It has little to do with the elaborately meditated effects of other English elegies—"Lycidas," "Adonais," "In Memoriam," "Thyrsis." If it recalls worthily their gorgeousness of imagery, and their stately deployment of the brave insignia of grief, it remains as immediate as a song of Burns.

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,

whispers in my ears as I read and reread "Mimma Bella." Or, if one insists on a parallel, one must go to the requiem of Catullus to Manlius. A similar impassioned stoicism underlies Lee-Hamilton's invocation of the shade of his infant daughter. Here is an affliction that rejects both the usual consolations of religion, the very staple of the English elegy, and also the phantasmagoric mysticism with which a Shelley and a Tennyson invest in an alien glamour the grim fact of death. This father faces a remorseless natural order which no God directs in the interest of mourning human kind. For himself, for his only child, death is the end—a physical and complete dissolution of a personality, which can persist only as it replants itself and grows in the memory of those who survive and love. Upon this slender hope of immortality for that child which the kindly Tuscans had rechristened the Beautiful Baby, he flung himself in the last months of weakness and depression. Above her tiny grave, bit by bit, he erected a shrine so exquisite that I cannot think any future time will wholly relegate it to the mortuary obscurity of the great libraries. It is published as yet only in magazine form, the *Fortnightly Review* for November, 1907, from which I quote, and the *Bibelot* for June:

What wast thou, little baby, that art dead—
A one day's blossom that the hoar-frost nips?
A bee that's crushed, the first bright day it sips?
A small dropped gem that in the earth we tread?

Or cherub's smiling gold-encircled head,
That Death from out Life's painted missal rips?
Or murmured prayer that barely reached the lips?
Or sonnet's fair first line—the rest unsaid?

Oh, 'tis not hard to find what thou wast like;
The world is full of fair unfinished things
That vanish like a dawn-admonished elf.

Life teems with opening forms for death to strike;
The woods are full of unfledged broken wings;
Enough; for us, thou wast thy baby self.

It would be pleasanter, evading the superfluous task of analysis, to reprint many of these sonnets, so tender and intimate in feeling, so ample in phrase, so simple with all their wealth of imagery! For elevation and sustained poetic inspiration I can compare this sonnet sequence—an incident of yesterday's magazine—only with Petrarch's sonnets to Laura "In Morte." It would be bold to assert that Lee-Hamilton's sonnets share

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the lapidary perfection of their prototypes; enough to say that they belong to the same realm of the imagination. There is this obvious difference: that Petrarch wrote as a believer. Lee-Hamilton could never set beside a sonnet sequence "In Morte" the crescendo of the "Triumphs." And yet the likeness is greater than the difference. As so many of the poets of our times, he kept, through skepticism, a sort of ineradicable mysticism. His mind refused credence, but when warmed by the imagination it readily sympathized with all that had been believed. The superstitions he had outgrown, perhaps never shared, still captured his heart. It is the ground of his strength, both in the lyric and in the dramatic modes. And this mysticism has a peculiar eerieness, a Celtic inheritance, I suppose, through his Welsh mother. For this kind of unearthly thrill I hardly know where to match the sonnet which follows, with which we take leave of the poet:

Lo, through the open window of the room
That was her nursery, a small bright spark
Comes wandering in, as falls the summer dark.
And with a measured flight explores the gloom,
As if it sought, among the things that loom
Vague in the dusk, for some familiar mark,
And like a light on some wee unseen bark,
It tacks in search of who knows what or whom.
I know 'tis but a firefly; yet its flight,
So straight, so measured, round the empty bed,
Might be a little soul's that night sets free;
And as it nears, I feel my heart grow tight
With something like a superstitious dread,
And watch it breathless, lest it should be she.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Anderson Auction Co. will devote next week to the sale of the Napoleonic books, prints, and autographs of William J. Hillis of Albany, together with a small but important collection partly formed by Gen. Daniel O'Connell and shown at the Irish International Exhibition. The rarest and most valuable single book is the pamphlet by Thackeray: "The Second Funeral of Napoleon, in Three Letters to Miss Smith of London, and the Chronicle of the Drum, By Mr. M. A. Titmarsh." London, 1841. This is the book of which Edward FitzGerald wrote:

> Have you read Thackeray's little book, "The Second Funeral of Napoleon?" If not, pray do, and buy it, and ask others to buy it; as each copy sold puts 7½d. in Thackeray's Pocket: which is not very heavy just now, I take it.

FitzGerald's copy, in the Augustin Daly sale in 1900, brought $175, and the Frederick W. French, in 1901, $295. Both were in the original paper covers, but the edges were trimmed; the Hillis copy is in morocco, but is uncut, with the original paper cover bound in. The books with colored plates by Cruikshank, Heath, and other artists, published during the Napoleonic period, always interest collectors, and many are included in the Hillis library, among them Ireland's "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte", 1828, 4 vols.; Dr. Syntax's "Life of Napoleon: a Hudibrastic Poem," 1815; Mudford's "Campaign in the Netherlands in 1815," 1817; Bowyer's "Illustrated Record of Important Events in the Annals of Europe," 1815-16; and Bradford's "Sketches in Portugal and Spain," 1812. Books on Waterloo form an interesting class, as also do the numerous volumes of private memoirs. Some of the pamphlets printed in England at the time are very curious as well as rare, such as: "Atrocities of the Corsican Demon," 1803; "Cause of the Enormities Lately Committed by the French Investigated," 1794; "The Exposé: or Napoleon Unmasked," 1809; and "The First Book of Napoleon, the Tyrant of the Earth," 1809.

The first printed book relating to the witchcraft troubles in Salem was a pamphlet of ten pages by Deodat Lawson; "A Brief and True Narrative of most remarkable Passages relating to sundry Persons afflicted by Witchcraft at Salem Village in New England, from 19th March to 5th April, 1692." The second book was Cotton Mather's "Wonders of the Invisible World," printed in Boston late in 1692, though the title-page is dated 1693. A copy of this excessively rare work will be offered by C. F. Libbie & Co., Boston, in the sale of November 11 and 12. Copies are recorded in the British Museum, Boston Public Library, Massachusetts Historical Society, American Antiquarian Society, John Carter Brown, and Lenox Libraries, and three copies are known in private collections in New York city. Sabin said of it: "Of all the works by the Mathers, this is probably the rarest; it is, perhaps, also one of the most important." Woodward's copy, with the last leaf in manuscript, brought $290 in April, 1869. Brinley's copy lacked nine leaves. A copy with the title defective sold for £16 in London in July, 1892; but this price simply shows that the importance of the book was not understood, and it is probably the same copy (having meanwhile passed through several other hands) which was priced in 1903 by a New York bookseller at $1,500. The book was immediately reprinted in England, Justin Winsor said, "from a duplicate copy of the manuscript"; but several years ago the present writer, having a copy of the Boston edition and one of the first London edition (two others were issued in 1693) side by side, discovered that Dunton, the English publisher, took a copy of the Boston book, broke it into five pieces, and gave it out among two or more printers. Taking the Boston book as a basis, the sections were: (1) preliminary pages and pp. 1-16 of text; (2) pp. 33-68; (3) pp. 69-102; (4) pp. 103-134; (5) p. 135 to end. The first section, when set in the quarto form of the English edition, made the preliminary pages and pp. 1-16 of text. The next page should have been numbered 17, but is instead numbered 33, the number of the Boston book. Space will not permit the enumeration of the various other points of proof.

On December 7-12 Frederick Muller & Co. of Amsterdam will sell an important collection, including early printed books, and books with woodcuts; a few fine books on birds from the collection of C. I. Temmick, including several hundred drawings of Schlegel, Rochussen, Schouman, and other artists; and seven of the original "Jesuit Relations" and other books on America. On December 8 and 9 they sell the library of J. F. A. Lindsen, director of the Utrecht Museum, comprising books on several branches of art.

Lord Amherst's library, the sale of which was noted in this column last week, is rich in early editions of the English Bible, beginning with a manuscript of Wycliffe's original version of the New Testament, written about 1400. There are two other manuscripts of Wycliffe's version, revised by Purvey, of the late fourteenth or early fifteenth century; and two copies, both imperfect, of Tyndale's translation of the Pentateuch, printed 1530-1531, the first edition of any part of the Old Testament in English. The Coverdale Bible, the first edition of the Bible in English, printed probably at Zurich in 1535, lacks only the title, the first two leaves of dedication, and the map, but it is one of the best copies ever offered. The Ashburnham copy, lacking title, brought £820 in 1897; and the Appleton copy, lacking several leaves, sold in this city in 1903 for $3,000. The Coverdale version, which was printed at Southwarke by James Nycolson in 1537, probably the first Bible printed in England, is much rarer, only eight copies being known, all imperfect. The Amherst copy is a large fragment of 316 leaves. Other notable English Bibles in the collection are: Matthew's version, 1537, a perfect copy; the first edition of the "Great Bible," April, 1539, lacking the title to the New Testament; the second edition of April, 1540; the first edition of the "Bishops' Bible," 1568; and the first edition of the Genevan or "Breeches" Bible, 1560. The collection of prayer books and other liturgical works, mostly connected with the Church of England, is equally remarkable. Among them are no less than eight editions of the King Henry VIII "Primer," printed 1531, 1533, 1535, 1538, etc.

The Merwin-Clayton Sales Company holds its first book sale of the season on November 11 and 12, a portion of the library of William Berrian of Brooklyn, including books on India and Egypt, some items of Americana, and a large lot of engravings.

Correspondence.

TALKING FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article, "Under-Languaged Americans," in your issue of October 15 brings up the old contest between the grammatical and natural methods of study. Far be it from me to sound again the horn of either faction; but I cannot resist putting into words what, maybe, every teacher knows, but what has not fallen under my eye in print.

One of the leading reasons why our high school children are not taught French or German conversation beyond the "red cow" stage, is that the teachers themselves are unable to go further. They have been ex-

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cellently trained under the system that they teach, can give the rules for the omission of the article before a partitive noun, or for the absolute superlative with *am*, but they simply cannot converse with reasonable fluency or correctness of accent. This is particularly true of French. The large number of teachers of German parentage in certain parts of the country entails a slight modification of this statement as regards the latter language. How can it be expected that a generation of teachers trained under the notions of language teaching that have prevailed in our schools and colleges for so many years, should be equipped otherwise than as they are?

There is a remedy. Let these grammarians spend their vacations in Berlin or Paris: they will probably never be able to lick their accent into such shape that it will be classed as a foreign product, but they can at least gain fluency and intelligibility—which are the chief things. But is it not rather unreasonable to ask a teacher who is paid $750 a year to spend $300 of it for the vacation, to gain something which has weight only with interested observers like the writer of your article, and little with the committee on teachers? And is it not natural that a teacher who does save up the $300 should invest it in a six weeks' tour rather than in eight weeks in Paris following the excellent courses of the Alliance Française? Americans have to contend with the natural barriers of distance and cost of passage that their English cousins can almost ignore.

Moreover, we are a very insular people with all our progressiveness. Most of our boys think it a rather foolish business, this French. They regard its ultimate use in travel or business as an extremely remote contingency; they repeat, when urged to acquire an un-American pronunciation, the pleasing fact that one can always get along with English. Many of them cannot understand why the French and Germans do not speak English, anyhow. American boys are no more stupid than English boys, but they have our national peculiarities—which do not tend to make them take on what is an integral part of a foreign life.

The movement must begin higher up. Fathers and mothers have got to encourage in their children the desire to make a few sentences in a foreign language; colleges must require on the part of their language men some facility of expression in the tongue they profess, provide conversation courses for their students, and demand of their feeding schools some attempt at preparation in this direction. It is true that a requirement of this sort would mean the cutting down, in most cases, of the number of pages read that an applicant could present for entrance, for the preparatory teacher has only his so-few periods each week. And yet such a demand is needful to bring about any general movement toward a change of methods.

There really ought to be some place in America where our teachers can hear the French of Paris and the German of Berlin, and be exercised in the use of both. The rank and file of the profession have access to no place where they may acquire in a year or so a reasonable familiarity with the languages they are to teach as these sound upon the tongue of a native. In such an institution there should be a score or more of cultivated Frenchmen and Germans, first class preparatory school men preferably; men with wives and children to whose homes students might have access; men imbued with a crusading zeal against the American accent that assassinates their noble languages. It should be a year-round school; all its servants should be French and Germans, with a common-school education; it should be as thoroughly un-American in language and as thoroughly American in spirit as possible; that is to say, an organized attempt to transplant a bit of Europe into our land, and a business-like endeavor to remove from us what is truly a cause of reproach among the nations.

Why do not several of our great universities try this? And if any one of them is trying it now why do not all modern language teachers know about it? What they need is not lectures on Hugo and Goethe, but the opportunity to hear good French and good German, and to exercise their own under competent supervision, whether the subject of discussion be shoes or ships or sealing wax. Such an institution or such a department of an already established institution would do a magnificent part in raising the standard of modern language teaching in our high and preparatory schools, and—let us bow to the spirit of the hour—it would pay.

ALGERNON COLEMAN.

Norfolk, Va., October 25.

THE RHODES SCHOLARS FROM THE UNITED STATES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In relation to the record at Oxford of the Rhodes scholars from the United States, perhaps a word remains to be said.

These students, a fine, manly set of fellows, are not individually the best representatives of their particular States nor of their colleges in America. They are chosen from the list of students taking Greek, a number usually ranging from 1 to 20 per cent. of the men in each institution. Taken as a whole, these are no more likely to stand high as scholars than the representatives of any other group that might be chosen. Good scholars in other fields do not try to "make up" Greek in order to make themselves eligible, regarding such cramming as illegitimate. In general, those students with adequate means have preferred to go to Germany at their own expense, rather than to go to Oxford as Rhodes scholars.

Moreover, the tests by which honors are granted in the English examination system are not of a kind with which most of these had had experience at home, or which is likely to command their respect. To "make up" a subject by the intensive study of a few books with immediate reference to examination, is, rightly or wrongly, regarded in America as a vicious system, not to be commended in its results nor for its results. The whole competitive idea is alien to the best type of school work in America.

Besides all this, the facilities for study at Oxford are great in a few lines only, and these not appealing to the majority of strong men among American college students. In the *Nation* of October 22 Mr. George L. Fox thinks it remarkable that the School of Natural Science at Oxford, with seven distinct lines of examinations leading to a degree, should have attracted but two Rhodes scholars from America. It is perhaps as remarkable that it should have attracted any, for the facilities for work (not for examinations) in this field offered to the Rhodes scholar, are pitifully small in comparison with those of any German university, or any one of a dozen in America. The great value of the opportunities offered at Oxford to men who need just what Oxford gives cannot be questioned, but Oxford at its best represents a highly specialized type of culture, and the strong young men of our American institutions have ideals of another sort. If Oxford-trained men were to meet these on their own ground in the fields, let us say, of pure or applied science, the distribution of "firsts" would be somewhat altered. We are sending good, clean, wholesome boys to Oxford, with occasionally a brilliant one, but are not sending and are not likely to send the strongest type of American scholarship, if scholarship is measured by effective intellectual effort.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Stanford University, October 30.

BEAUMARCHAIS AND SYDNEY SMITH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Literary tradition credits Sydney Smith with a command of invective that checked the eloquence of a Billingsgate fishwoman:

"Madam, you're a triangle; you're a rectangle; you're a hypotenuse; you're an individual."

"I'm no more an individual than your mother was."

Was Smith simply making use of a stratagem employed with signal success a generation before by Beaumarchais at the Halles centrales in Paris, to ward off a verbal attack from an irate "poissarde": "Vieille onomatopée! s'écria-t-il, infâme catachrèse!"—a volley which is said to have put the enemy to ignominious flight?

R. T. HOUSE.

Weatherford, Okla., October 14.

A MISPRINT IN POPE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To the "curious misprints" referred to by Dr. W. J. Rolfe in the *Nation* of October 22 may be added one which has appeared in several American editions of Pope's works, in which, in a line of the "Messiah,"

Exalt thy towery head and lift thy eyes,

the word "towering" is substituted for "towery," thus spoiling a splendid line and making a needless pleonasm in asking that which is already towering to exalt itself. As Pope wrote the line, and as it stands in the best editions, it is "Exalt thy towery head," *i. e.*, turreted or guarded with towers, answering to the Latin "turrita."

The same error, "towering" for "towery," appears in many successive editions of the Hymnal of the Protestant Episcopal Church in which the passage beginning "Rise crowned with light" is made to do duty as a hymn, though perhaps not well adapted to the purpose. This error appears to have escaped for many years the notice of many revisers of the various editions of this Hymnal.

S. C. CHEW.

Roland Park, Md., October 30.

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AWAITS THE INEVITABLE HOUR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your number of October 22, Dr. Rolfe amends the usual reading of the lines from Gray's "Elegy:"

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,

by making the word "hour" the subject, and thus changing "await" to "awaits." May it not be that the current version is more in accord with the thought than what Dr. Rolfe accepts as the original? The verb, in its usual acceptation, implies that the complement is something in the future, the subject being something present. I find the following examples in the Oxford Dictionary: "The tigre his time awaiteth"; "Gabriel sat . . . awaiting night."

SIMON NEWCOMB.

Washington, October 28.

"IGNORANCE OF THE BIBLE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reply to the letter entitled "Ignorance of the Bible," in your issue of October 22, I would say that there is one influence in operation which may correct the growing ignorance. That is the spread of Christian Science. It is probably safe to say that the average Christian Scientist is at least ten times as devoted to the study of the Bible as the average member of any other Christian denomination.

HOMER REED.

Kansas City, Mo., October 25.

Notes.

The third volume of "The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz," bringing his life down to its close, is nearly ready for publication by the McClure Co. Gen. Schurz died before this volume was completed, but he left a mass of material from which Frederic Bancroft and William A. Dunning have been able to finish the interrupted work.

Longmans, Green & Co. announce the early appearance of Andrew Lang's "Maid of France: Being the Story of the Life and Death of Jeanne d'Arc." The comparison of this work with the biography recently published by Anatole France will no doubt be much in order.

From the same house will come another volume on the Stuart family by Miss A. Shield, whose "King Over the Water" was well received last year. The new work will be entitled "Henry Stuart, Cardinal of York," and will, like the earlier work, have a preface by Andrew Lang.

The twelfth and concluding volume of Swift's prose works in the Bohn Library is announced for immediate publication. The editing, as of the earlier volumes, is by Temple Scott. The edition contains an essay by the late Sir Frederick Falkiner on the portraits of Swift and Stella, another essay by the Dean of St. Patrick's on the relation of Swift and Stella, a bibliography by Spencer Jackson, and a general index to the twelve volumes.

A Norwegian playground two hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle is vivaciously described by Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond in "Mountaineering in the Land of the Midnight Sun" (J. B. Lippincott Co.). The main purpose of the book is to narrate the author's experiences in the ascent of thirty-three mountains, and there is much detail which can interest only the keen mountain climber. In the closing chapter she gives special instructions to those who may be inclined to try the peaks of Arctic Norway. The interest for other readers lies in the fact that the book shows, as no other within our knowledge does, how delightfully a summer can be passed in camp or in one of the little settlements in this region. To most it is simply a land of ice and snow, but Mrs. Le Blond tells of woods "filled with beautiful lady ferns, amongst which when we walked we were hidden to the shoulder"; and of hillsides clad with gorgeous crimson mantles of bilberry making a "perfect combination of stern mountain form and glittering ice, with warm-hued tender lowland beauty held together in an ever-clinging embrace by the fjords." Then, too, the simplicity of the life and its resources in fishing, hunting, and sailing, as well as in climbing, and the kindliness and trustworthiness of the natives, are not the least of its attractions. To the vivid word pictures are added 71 reproductions of photographs, which show not only the wondrous scenery, but also many of the stirring incidents of the ascents.

In his "Foreword" (a most ungentlemanlike word) A. Smythe-Palmer states that the project of his "Ideal of a Gentleman" came to him twenty years ago, and that the present collection (published under that title by E. P. Dutton & Co.) is the fruit of reading through all these years. In fact the sources are abundant, from the Egyptian moralist, Ptah-hotep, B. C. 3300, to poets still living to-day. The extracts from these writers, mostly English, are arranged under fourteen heads, such as "The Historical Idea of a Gentleman," "Definition of a Gentleman," "Ancestry," "Manners and Good Breeding," "The Poets' Gentleman," "Ironical and Abusive Acceptation of 'Gentleman,'" etc. It may be ungrateful to quarrel with a book which is evidently the fruit of much labor, but the plan seems to us essentially faulty. A large part of the quotations might be in another section just as properly as in that where they stand, and altogether a chronological arrangement would have been far more significant than this arbitrary classification. Then we must think there are quite too many passages like those from "The Christian Gentleman's Daily Walk" of Sir A. Edmonstone. From him there are long flabby pages, whereas of Castiglione ("Castilio," he is here put down) there are only four brief paragraphs, although Castiglione is the great authority, in England as in Italy, for what may be called the Renaissance-Platonic gentleman. In like manner the whole subject of love, which, as the author might learn from Chesterfield, to go no further, has played so conspicuous a part in the formation of manners and courtly character, receives scant attention. And there are extraordinary omissions. We can find in the index no reference to such writers as Méré and Richardson, nor have we chanced upon any quotation from them in turning over the pages of the text. Yet Méré's writings on *l'honnête homme*, as our compiler might have learned from Pascal or from Sainte-Beuve, are the richest storehouse of material for the study of that type of gentleman; while Sir Charles Grandison certainly ought to have a place in this company of Christian models. These are no slight blemishes, but on the other hand these 500 pages of close print contain a vast amount of interesting material, some of it brought from out-of-the-way places, and presenting altogether a curious aspect of human nature and human ideals. The book as a whole is apparently meant for edification, and it accomplishes its purpose in the most exemplary sense of the word.

In "Park Street Papers" (Houghton Mifflin Co.), Bliss Perry includes five of his graceful New Year's prologues to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and cordially appreciative essays on Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Aldrich, and Underwood. The desire to please cheerful readers of sound intellectual tastes, which has shaped his editorial policy, has also, perhaps unconsciously, determined his attitude as a critic. He has the "toastmaster's" fondness for life under its social, cultivated, and genial aspects, and, having a genuine esteem for the characters of his guests, displays at times a toastmasterly indulgence to their literary deficiencies. If long familiarity with the literary has bred in him a slight superiority to literature as such, it has increased his regard for the judgment of the middle class consumers. His own style—direct, racy, never oversubtle—has a kind of ease and democratic open-heartedness. He has a keen sense for a characteristic story, an illuminating letter, a chance, telling phrase, and employs them with great skill in bringing out a personality under discussion. These biographical talents, together with a temperamental affinity for the subject, have made his portrait of Longfellow especially interpretative, and sympathetic. But when he concludes the essay with the assertion that "no truer poet ever lived," one feels that he is guilty of an uncritical *non-sequitur;* the logic of his argument demands rather: "No more cultivated and delightful gentleman ever lived." In general, Mr. Perry shuns the fine discriminations of purely literary criticism. If he overrates the poet in Longfellow out of regard for the gentleman, he underrates the poet in Whittier for the contrary reason. In compensation, however, he does hearty justice to Whittier's service as an abolitionist, and delineates with firm hand the rugged, sincere features of the citizen and the man. The sketch of Aldrich with pipe and dog "mitigating the severities" of the editorial den is entirely delightful; and the chapter on Underwood, who just escaped being the first editor of the *Atlantic*, is full of interesting information on the origins of the magazine and its distinguished early contributors. The writers who made the fortune of "4 Park Street" are perhaps still too near to our hearths and hearts to receive their last judgment; pointing out their faults is like pointing out the faults of our fathers and mothers. Emphasizing their human values to the past and present generations of Americans is the much more grateful task accomplished by these papers; after reading them, one turns to Hawthorne, Longfellow, and the rest with a freshened interest and a higher esteem.

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"To awaken a vital conviction of the genuine reality of moral problems and the value of reflective thought in dealing with them" is the aim of "Ethics," the latest contribution to the American Science Series (Henry Holt & Co.). And in achieving this aim the authors, Profs. John Dewey and James H. Tufts, have lifted their volume above the level of textbooks. Their success is due largely to their guiding rule:

As against the *a priori* claims of both individualism and socialism, the need of the hour seems to us to be the application of methods of more deliberate analysis and experiment. The extreme conservative may deprecate any scrutiny of the present order; the ardent radical may be impatient of the critical and tardy processes of the investigator; . . . but the cruder method of trial and error and the time-honored method of prejudice and party controversy need not longer completely dominate the regulation of the life of society.

Every form of ethical dualism is attacked. In place of classical oppositions between "the will and the deed," "duty and desire," "the self and society," the authors develop the conception of an "organic," moral life in which "the problem of morality is the formation, out of the body of original instinctive impulses which compose the natural self, of a voluntary self in which socialized desires and affections are dominant, and in which the last and controlling principle of deliberation is the love of the objects which will make this transformation possible." The choice and arrangement of material are admirably calculated to indicate the methods and the general direction of ethical analyses. The book falls into three parts, of which the first records the history of moral evolution, the second introspectively examines the moral life and typical ethical theories, while the last studies the social side of conduct, with particular attention to contemporary problems. From the teacher's point of view, the work is of singularly even merit throughout; but its second and third divisions are most attractive to the general reader. Here are applied two principles which have been counted among the characteristics of pragmatism: the principle that "no moral act is a means to anything beyond itself," and the corollary that every act must be determined by the particular situation which it is called to solve. Against the analyses based upon these, the objection often holds that the crucial task of weighing ends against means has been slighted. An instance of this is the study of the open *versus* the closed shop. The writers say that the right of a small group to exclude others from its benefits depends upon *only* two conditions, viz., a morally justifiable end (such as a desirable standard of living) and the thwarting of this end by admission of outsiders. But how about the methods of securing the desirable standard of living? What if these injure persons outside the group? Such questions should have been explicitly forestalled; for their problem is the most difficult, if not the central one. In waiving them now and then, the authors create the impression that the value of ends may be abstractly computed, a doctrine which none is more eager than they to repudiate. This improper simplification seems due less to false principles than to an almost inevitable lack of special knowledge about some problems. The scientific ideal of letting one's opinion follow facts rather than hopes is never abandoned. The result is a practical, undogmatic view of human conduct.

In a handy volume of a thousand pages the John C. Winston Company has brought out a "Universal Self-pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language," edited by Charles Morris, which appears to us to be excellently devised for speedy reference.

"The International Encyclopædia of Prose and Poetical Quotations," compiled by William S. Walsh, and published by the John C. Winston Company, differs from most books of its class in the kind of quotations included and in the treatment. It in fact combines with ordinary collections of "elegant extracts" something of the book of phrase and fable and something of an author book. Thus, we open by chance to page 103, and find four words: Burns, Byron, Cæsar, Calendar. Under the first two are gathered characterizations of the poets from their own works and from others. Under Cæsar is given, in various forms, the motto "Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion." Under Calendar we have the doggerel "Thirty days," etc., in five variations. Often a doubtful quotation is followed by a brief explanation of its origin. Altogether a cursory inspection of the work gives the impression that it may be more than ordinarily useful. The indexes are full, the printing careful except for the occasional Greek passages which show a sovereign contempt for the rules of accent.

Of the twenty-three papers in the last number of Archæologia (the Publications of the London Antiquaries) more than half are on subjects relating to English history. Among the most interesting are those of St. John Hope on the "Episcopal Ornaments of William of Wykeham and William of Waynfleet," and the "Funeral Effigies of the Kings and Queens of England"; that of the Rev. O. Y. Reichel on "The Treasury of God and the Birthright of the Poor"; and Trice Martin's "Clerical Life in the Fifteenth Century." A large amount of space is also devoted to Roman Britain. St. John Hope and Mr. Ashby contribute two articles each on the excavations of 1905 and 1906 at Silchester and Caerwent; Prof. F. J. Haverfield, Philip Norman, and Mr. Reader write on "Discoveries in Connection with Roman London." Of the remaining papers that of Horace Sandars on "Pre-Roman Votive Offerings from Despeñaperros," is one of the most important.

"The King's Customs," by Henry Atton and Henry H. Holland (E. P. Dutton & Co.), purports to give an account of "maritime revenue and contraband traffic" in England, Scotland, and Ireland, "from the earliest times to the year 1800." The authors are officials in the customs service, and the volume contains a brief—and somewhat pointless—preface by F. S. Parry, deputy chairman of the Board of Customs. Although the book comes to us with the *imprimatur* of the Board of Customs, it cannot be accepted as a satisfactory history of the subject with which it deals. For the period prior to the accession of James I. the authors have "sampled," to use their own expression, the Rolls, the works of Hale and Rymer, and Hubert Hall's well-known treatise; for the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries they have carried their investigations further afield, and have collected not a little new material of interest and importance. In form, their narrative is best described as annalistic, and, along with matters of greater importance, one finds such entries as this:

A Treasury warrant was issued to provide £200 to furnish a regiment of soldiers with new shoes and stockings to replace those worn out in chasing smugglers;

or this:

In 1770, on account of the volume of business, the London commissioners agreed to breakfast together at the Custom-house.

But, while the book cannot be accepted as a history of the customs, it contains a certain amount of valuable new material, particularly upon the subject of contraband trade in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. American readers will be most interested in the chapters which deal with the attempts to enforce the regulations imposed upon colonial trade.

"State and People in Early Rome," by Charles W. L. Launspach of the Middle Temple (George Bell & Sons), is one of those books, far too common in England and America, which possess no particular value for scholars, yet do not serve the general reader. Mr. Launspach's thesis is "that the early Roman state was a conscious imitation of the ancient *gens* or family, that its theory of government was founded upon the relations existing between kinsmen, and that these, again, were determined by religious notions which later became transformed through developments within the city and external influences." About this there is nothing very novel, as readers of "The Ancient City" of Fustel de Coulanges will recognize, nor do the citations from Mommsen with which Mr. Launspach's chapters are buttressed make these formulæ of institutional development any more adequate at his hands than they are in the pages of that brilliant French scholar. The author's mind is legal and schematic, rather than historical, and he does not seem to realize that many of the foundations upon which he builds—such as the patriarchal theory, the primitive Asiatic civilization of the Aryans, and the chronology and constitutional history of the early republic—have been seriously shaken by anthropology and by historical criticism. The most substantial chapters are those on family law, which show a fair acquaintance with legal literature, but as a whole the book must be pronounced a belated survival of an earlier stage of scholarship and thought. The problem of the origin of the political and legal institutions of Rome will always possess a certain fascination for students of history and of law, but books like Mr. Launspach's do not bring us nearer its solution. A curiously modern inversion of thought appears in the statement (p. 74) that the Romans "relieved" women of responsibility in public affairs and "deprived them of the political power and influence which responsibility connoted."

The edition of the "Select Epigrams of Martial, Books vii to xii," edited by R. T. Bridge and E. D. C. Lake, was noticed in the *Nation* of March 7, 1907 (p. 221). By bringing out another volume of the "Spectaculorum Liber and Books i to vi," the editors have produced a fairly complete, though cleansed and purified, Martial, admirably adapted for supplementary reading

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in the classroom. The same introduction is printed in both volumes. It would have been an excellent device to allure the student into independent reading, if the editors had seen their way to prefixing a translation into easy Latin of Nisard's essay on Martial. The decay of the classics is due in part to the inability of editors and teachers to give to their authors such a living and present significance as Nisard gave to the decadent poets of Rome.

The Latin hymns, especially those of the earlier part of the Middle Ages, exert a perennial appeal, due quite as much to the rugged virility of their fresh inspiration as to the continuing fashion of hymn-singing. Daniel Joseph Donahoe—a lawyer, we believe—has ventured to add to our already fairly rich treasury of English translations from this source metrical renderings of one hundred and sixty Latin hymns, ranging in date from the times of St. Hilary to those of Pius VII ("Early Christian Hymns"; New York: The Grafton Press). Some universal favorites, like Peter Damian's "Gravi me terrore pulsas," the Venerable Bede's "Hymnum canentes martyrum," and Bernard's "Hora novissima," are omitted, but many others of the same class are included, and with them a considerable number of less widely known hymns from the Roman Breviary. Unfortunately most of this last class are of very slender merit. Mr. Donahoe's renderings of the really great hymns fall very decidedly below the level attained by our best translators of the same verse, even when he does not confine himself to a closely literal version of the original. One line may serve as a bad example. He renders the first verse of "Dies Irae," "Day of ire, that direful day," where the jingle of "ire" and "dire" is disastrous, to say nothing about the adequacy of "ire" in itself. The translator is more at his ease in less high company. The attempt to render elegiacs and sapphics in "the metres of the original" is a failure. Even Tennyson could not have done that. But in general Mr. Donahoe's understanding is correct, his pen facile, his spirit sweet and sympathetic, and his versions eminently readable. The rendering of the "Pange Lingua" of Fortunatus is a good example of the translator's best style.

Since the remarkable success of Dr. Adolf Harnack in his semi-popular lectures on religion, which resulted in his volume "Das Wesen des Christentums," several theological teachers have ventured similar courses, among them Dr. Reinhold Seeberg. No recent German teacher of doctrinal theology with conservative leanings has secured the hearing attained by Professor Seeberg. His sincerity is unquestioned, his learning extensive, his philosophic penetration of high order. His lectures on the plan of Harnack have had wide circulation in Germany, but in their English version, as "The Fundamental Truths of the Christian Religion," translated by the Rev. George E. Thomson and Clara Wallentin (G. P. Putnam's Sons), they scarcely do their author justice. It is doubtful if they will convey much meaning to one who is unfamiliar with current German theological discussion. Their treatment of large topics in metaphysics and theology is much too brief to be clear.

Evangelicalism within the Church of England has found a sympathetic and worthy historian in the Rev. G. R. Balleine's "History of the Evangelical Party in the Church of England" (Longmans, Green, & Co.). In the moderate compass of some 300 pages he sketches the growth and progress of evangelical ideas within the Anglican communion, and estimates the contribution of evangelical churchmen to the cause of English religion. He starts with the Wesleys, Whitefield, and the Oxford Holy Club, and follows the fortunes of the party down to Bishop Ryle and churchmen who are still living. His descriptions of some of the humbler and more earnest evangelical ministers, such as Fletcher of Madeley, are drawn with special care. Mr. Balleine writes as an advocate, though not as a narrow partisan. The weaknesses of the evangelicals, particularly in the early part of the nineteenth century, are somewhat glossed over. The reader of this volume would not suspect that one could write with justice such a scathing rebuke of evangelical superficiality and commonplace as is contained in George Eliot's well-known essay on the sermons of Dr. Cuming. Doubtless Mr. Belleine felt that this side of the case has been presented sufficiently by the opponents of the evangelicals, of whom the English Church has had not a few. It remains true that the present essay does not exaggerate the benefits which English religion has received from the spiritual descendants of the Wesleys.

The attention of those who follow the discussion in England over the position of the national Church, its function in the state, and its part in the religious life of the nation, may well be called to four brief but weighty Hulsean lectures on "The Rights and Responsibilities of National Churches," by Prof. J. Howard B. Masterman of the University of Birmingham (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Professor Masterman's argument for a national Church as essential to the highest development of national life deserves careful consideration. His first lecture, on "The Religious Significance of Nationality," is especially strong. His indictment of the Roman Church as crushing nationality is severe, but his spirit is at all points broad and kindly, and his argument throughout is conducted on a high plane.

In ancient days, maps, crude, perhaps, in some respects, were often enlivened with wonderful pictures that appealed to the imagination; all the beasts of fable were depicted as inhabiting the unknown regions of the earth. Oliver Herford has taken it upon him to restore some of this vanished glamour. "The Simple Jography; or, How to Know the Earth and Why It Spins" (Boston: John W. Luce & Co.) is provided with maps and suggestive illustrations. Thus the White Sea is a rectangle all white; the Red Sea a similar rectangle in red squares. There is an ocean scene in which a liner is shown riding victoriously over a Marcel wave. An effigy of Paderewski serves to illustrate the Magnetic Pole. France is called "the greatest Millinery power on Earth." Under Turkey we read: "The Turks are a fearless people. They have many wives." There are paragraphs devoted to the Folding Beduins and the Hall-Roomanians. In the chapters entitled "Civilization and Powers," Mr. Herford says:

> Each race, however, believes that his own particular tint is the only fit tint for a Civilized Human Being. . . . There is only one way to wipe all the other tints off the Globe. To this end each Family spends most of its money in training vast numbers of slaves in the art of destroying Human Life. These Slaves are called Soldiers. Each Family is rated according to the power of its Soldiers to destroy other Families. Hence the Civilized Powers.

In the chapter on Governments, there is equally keen satire. After defining a Republic as a government by the wealthiest, the author says:

> In an Absolute Monarchy, the People are controlled. In a Limited Monarchy, they are cajoled. In a Republic, they are sold. For the successful operation of Limited Monarchies and Republics it is necessary to delude the Common People into the belief that they are managing their own affairs. This is accomplished by means of a House of Commons, Chamber of Deputies, Senate, Reichstag, Duma, etc. These merry contrivances are designed on the principle of the revolving squirrel cage, furnishing harmless exercise without progression.

Some of the text is rather far-fetched, and some of the puns are venerable. But there is a good deal that is clever and amusing.

Gustav Frenssen's novel, which was such a powerful indictment of the German colonial policy in West Africa, "Peter Moors Fahrt nach Südwest," was reviewed in the *Nation* of April 4, 1907 (page 314). It is now translated by Margaret May Ward, and published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

Detlev von Liliencron will publish in the near future his *Lebensroman* under the title "Leben und Lüge" (Berlin: Schuster & Loeffler). The book contains, among other things, the war diary of Liliencron, here published for the first time, and the author's judgment of himself and other poets.

The Gutenberg Verlag of Hanover, already favorably known for its Bibliothek wertvoller Memoiren, has now undertaken the publication of a Bibliothek denkwürdiger Reisen, to be edited by Dr. Ernest Schultze. The series will begin with Cook's "Voyages," edited by Dr. Edwin Hennig; and Commodore Perry's "Reopening of Japan," edited by Dr. A. Wirth. George Bogle's Mission Journey to Thibet and Thomas Manning's Journey to Lhasa will soon follow.

A "Tagebuch über Napoleons III. Gefangenschaft auf Wilhelmshöhe" is announced by E. S. Mittler & Sohn, Berlin. The author, Count Karl von Monts, as Governor of Kassel in 1870-71, had charge of the Imperial prisoner and reports here with considerable fulness the life of Napoleon during these autumn and winter months. The book is edited by the Count's grandniece, Fräulein Tony von Held.

The title of Udo Gaede's work of nearly two hundred pages, "Schiller und Nietzsche als Verkünder der tragischen Kultur" (Berlin: H. Walther), is practically self-explanatory. The author has discovered a number of striking parallels in ideas and ideals between these two thinkers.

Prof. Gerhard Budde of Hanover, who has already published, especially for the use of students, several outline summaries of the work of non-German philosophers, has now added a "Philosophisches Lesebuch für den deutschen Unterricht" (Hanover: Hahn).

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With the coöperation of Prof. Rudolf Eucken of Jena he has furnished an excellent chrestomathy of characteristic extracts from the writings of Leibnitz, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Schleiermacher, Herbart, Schopenhauer, Fechner, Lotze, Trendelenburg, Wundt, Helmholtz, Schmoller, Paulsen, and Eucken. Each selection is accompanied by a biographical introduction.

Meyer's Historisch-geographischer Kalender, 1909, has just been issued by the Bibliographisches Institut of Leipzig and Berlin. The 366 pages contain an excellent and well illustrated review of the affairs of the world. This is the thirteenth issue of this standard annual.

Herder, Freiburg-im-B., has just brought out in four volumes all of Dante's works, with the Italian and German in parallel columns. The translation, which is new, is by Richard Zoozmann.

Dr. Peter Thomsen has undertaken a "Systematische Bibliographie der Palästinaliteratur," of which Vol. I covers 1895-1904 (Leipzig: Rudolf Haupt). Scholars are fortunately in possession of the Palestine bibliography from 333 to 1895, as reported in the former volumes of the *Zeitschrift des deutschen Palästinavereins;* but the mass of material has become so great that this journal could not publish even a selection of the best works in this field, and what the *Orientalische Bibliographie* offers is anything but complete. An index of authors adds to the value of the book. It is Dr. Thomsen's purpose to issue such a bibliography every five years.

The three hundredth anniversary of the death of one of Germany's greatest hymn-writers, Philipp Nicolai, the author of "Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme," and "Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern," was marked by the publication of two excellent memorial brochures. One, from the pen of Prof. V. Schultze, is entitled "Philipp Nicolai: Zum Gedächtnis seines dreihundertjährigen Todestags" (Mengerinhausen: Wiegel); the other, by Heinrich Hübner, "Philipp Nicolai: Ein Sänger, Tröster, und Wächter der lutherischen Kirche" (Elberfeld: Lutherischer Bücherverein). The second biography, which is more ambitious, is richly illustrated.

Dr. J. E. Belser, member of the Catholic theological faculty in Tübingen, has just published a new commentary on Ephesians, entitled "Der Epheserbrief des Apostels Paulus" (Freiburg-im-B.: Herder). The work is particularly rich in its patristic citations, and is a more valuable contribution to the history of the exegesis of this difficult letter than to the interpretation itself. The author but rarely enters upon the burning questions of modern criticism.

Dr. George G. A. Murray has been appointed to the professorship of Greek at Oxford.

James Inglis, well known as a writer for the press under the pseudonym "Maori," has died at Sydney, Australia, at the age of sixty-two. He had travelled much in India and New Zealand, and turned his experience into books. His publications include "Sport and Work on the Nepaul Frontier," "Our Australian Cousins," "Our New Zealand Cousins," "Tent Life in Tiger Land," "Our Ain Folk," and "The Humor of the Scot."

Reginald Bosworth Smith, for many years assistant master at Harrow School, has died in his home at Bingham's Melcombe, Dorset, at the age of sixty-nine. He was an historian of note, having published "Mohammed and Mohammedanism," "Carthage and the Carthaginians," and "The Life of Lord Lawrence." Of late years he had written chiefly on bird life.

The death is announced, in his eighty-third year, of Charles Aubertin, rector successively of the Universities of Clermont, Poitiers, and Nancy. Besides editions of Latin and French classics, he published "L'Esprit public au XVIIIme siècle," and "Les Origines de la langue et de la poésie françaises."

STUDIES IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

A History of the United States. By Edward Channing. Vol. II.: A Century of Colonial History, 1660-1760. Pp. 614. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

The author begins with an account of the colonial policy of the Restoration, which he finds was determined by the financial needs of the king and his courtiers. Three chapters devoted to the history of New England, Virginia, New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey show how this policy was applied, or how it wasn't. What is called "The Gallic Peril, 1664-1689," is the subject of another chapter. Professor Channing thinks the peril was real, being averted only by the skilful negotiation of Dongan, and the loyalty of the Indians—to the Albany trade. This peril was apparently the "one thing needed to induce James to take the final step of consolidating all the colonies north of Pennsylvania" (p. 151), although in another place we are told: "It is impossible to say how far the royal brothers were actuated by fear of French aggression" (p. 166). A chapter on the Stuart Domination in New England and one on the English Revolution in America bring the story down to 1688. The rest of the book, considerably more than half, is devoted to the period from 1690 to 1760, though the early part of this period receives much more attention than the later.

Students of American colonial history have looked forward to Professor Channing's second volume with peculiar interest, because it promised to cover the eighteenth century—one of those important periods about which every one talks and few write. Certainly it has its difficulties from the point of view of presentation: there seems to be no obvious principle of unity which will serve to make the facts either intelligible or interesting. It is more perplexing even than the seventeenth century, and one cannot well say more than that. After 1688 there are no more interesting Puritan experiments in government; no more Quakers hanged; no more revolutions; no one wants soul liberty any longer; liberty to trade is the thing. Events move monotonously, relieved only by quarrels over money or border wars with the French or Indians. What is to be done, then? One way is to settle down to a draught-horse pace and plough through the history of each colony in turn—a tedious business. It has been done, and no one wants to do it again. Professor Channing, we are glad to say, has avoided that. Perhaps a better way would be to regard the colonies as a single part of the British colonial empire, and to seek for the coördinating principle in the conflict of two main tendencies: on the one hand, the policy of the English government and the institutions of colonial control growing out of that policy; on the other, the needs of the colonists and the strengthening of institutions growing out of those needs. Such a method would require immense research, an easy mastery of facts, great systematizing and architectural capacity, and a talent for interpretation in terms of institutional life.

Professor Channing has not followed any plan of this sort, either. He offers a chapter on the Reconstructed Colonial System, and one on the last Navigation Act; three chapters on the quarrels between Governors and Assemblies in Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and the Carolinas, which for the most part do not get beyond 1730; five descriptive chapters on economic, religious, and intellectual conditions; and two chapters on the rivalry between French and English. The descriptive chapters are excellent, though every one will not agree that there was "no scarcity of metallic money" (p. 496); we should say, rather, that the paper money movement was due in no small measure to the scarcity of specie, and the trade with the foreign islands was necessary to the Northern and Middle colonies because it was the principal means of getting metallic money. The chapters on the French and English rivalry are also excellent—the best account that we have. But, good as these features of the work are, those who have expected from Professor Channing some original grouping of the facts, some brilliant and illuminating interpretation of the colonies as parts of the British Empire, are certain to be disappointed. Professor Channing eschews theories and abstractions and large generalizations, and he does so, we suspect, consciously. "Tendencies" do not mean much to him. If history is the orderly unfolding of any definite plan, historians, one can imagine him saying, have had no luck in finding out what that plan is. He probably has a poor opinion of the *zeitgeist*. To take live facts out of their

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personal setting, and group them arbitrarily around legal or constitutional or methodological abstractions, is to take the meaning out of history. It is enough for the historian that he should be very sure of his facts, and then relate them in the order in which they occur, and so far as possible in their personal setting, as clearly, as simply, as interestingly as possible, without technical or pseudo-scientific jargon. Well, Professor Channing *is* very sure of his facts, he has taken immense pains to be sure of them; and he does relate them clearly, simply, and interestingly. The personal element is everywhere present, the legal aspect of things is neglected. The even narrative flows on without storm or stress, following the subject, with clever turns here and there. Professor Channing has the air of saying: "This is what happened in this place, and at this time, to these people; interpret as you please."

But if Professor Channing will not bore us with any philosophy of history, it is a pleasure to record that he by no means measures up to Renan's wonderful standard; his history is not composed "with as much supreme indifference as if it were written in another planet." No! Professor Channing has his likes and his dislikes. He does not like the Stuarts, for example. He has some sharp sentences at their expense. But there are good reasons for not liking the Stuarts; and Professor Channing's not liking them is so far from being a party matter that he does not like the Revolution Whigs either. They gave a show of constitutional action that "savors somewhat of comic opera" (p. 190). It cannot, of course, be denied that the Whigs of 1688 made a show of constitutional action. They made an immense show of it. But the comic opera would have appeared less glaring to Professor Channing, perhaps, if he were more interested in the legal side of history. One might almost say that the legal side of history is one of his dislikes: Prof. Herbert L. Osgood's elaborate work has struck him, for example, principally as containing the best account of Bacon's Rebellion.

Besides the likes and dislikes, one may here and there fall joyfully upon phrases that reveal the survivals at least of certain conventional and comfortable theories. The century from 1660 to 1760, we are told (p. 3), was for England "a positive retrogression." Here we seem to feel a little the breath of the *zeitgeist*. Retrogression from what, we ask. What was the goal? The Reform Bill, perhaps? Or universal suffrage? Or Socialism? There is a difficulty there. Take another example. Had the colonial governors been men of force and character, "they would have exercised an important influence upon colonial life and constitutional development"; but, "*fortunately*, they were usually persons of quite opposite qualities" (p. 247). Why fortunately? We know what Bancroft would have said. Are we to suppose that (to borrow the manner of the immortal Huck Finn), Professor Channing he says the same? Well, it is difficult to write history without having any theory about it. We believe that Professor Channing has some very good theories about it, and only regret that he has concealed the best part of them. That, however, is a small matter. We commend Professor Channing's book to scholar and reader alike: a better one is not likely to appear soon.

The Continental Congress at Princeton. By Varnum Lansing Collins. Princeton: The University Library. $3 net.

In a handsome volume of three hundred pages, Mr. Collins, formerly reference librarian at Princeton, acting under the auspices of the Princeton Historical Association, has dealt with a phase of American history hitherto in large measure neglected. Actuated by local zeal as well as by wider historical interest, he has written an account of the mutiny of the Lancaster and Philadelphia troops in June, 1783, the consequent flight of the members of Congress from Philadelphia to Princeton, and their sojourn there during the summer and autumn of the same year. The story, both in its official and social aspects, is told by Mr. Collins with such thorough knowledge of all the sources of information in print and manuscript, with such a keen sense of the significance of the events, with such an eye to the picturesque and dramatic phases of Congressional life in the rural New Jersey town, and with such attention to matters of style and arrangement, as to make it in all points a model of its kind.

The interest lies mainly in three directions: the story itself, with its vivid portrayal of the personages concerned at work and at play; the official activities of Congress and the business actually transacted at Princeton; and, lastly, the significance of the events from the point of view of our national development. Each of these aspects is amply and admirably worked out. Pages are devoted to ceremonies and celebrations, to the housing of the visitors, to their dress and manner of living, and to the many other social and domestic incidents which clothed Nassau Hall with a new and unexpected glory. The narrative is supplemented with many letters, speeches, and poems, while the appendix contains unpublished documents deemed by Mr. Collins too valuable to be discarded entirely: Boudinot's household accounts with a local merchant, certain lists of Princeton citizens, correspondence with Dr. Thomas Wren of England, to whom Princeton gave an honorary degree, and two commencement orations. The volume is embellished with a number of full-page facsimiles, portraits of Washington, and other pictures. The portrait of Washington, selected for a frontispiece, is appropriately that of Peale, painted during the sitting of Congress, by order of the college, and placed, as the minute of the trustees stated, "in the hall of the college in the room of the picture of the late King of Great Britain, which was torn away by a ball from the American artillery in the battle of Princeton."

Mr. Collins devotes ample space to the business side of the session, and makes it clear that the summer debates, although often conducted in a dilatory and half-hearted manner, were far from fruitless. He summarizes the work of the session as follows:

> The peace establishment problem had not been solved, but Washington had been thanked for his services as commander-in-chief, the Federal residence question apparently had been settled, and a long advance had been made toward the cession of public lands to the United States and the inauguration of amicable relations with the Indians. Important treaties had been ratified, a foreign minister [Van Berckel, the Dutch representative] had been received with due ceremony, and the first halting steps had been taken by the United States toward the occupation of a ranking place among the nations of the world.

These were results of conspicuous moment, yet they appear to have been attained almost accidentally, in no way the outcome of foresight and efficiency on the part of the representatives assembled at Princeton. Though bulking large in a summary, these positive accomplishments are almost lost sight of when followed day by day in the proceedings, where wrangling and jealousy, inertia, and indifference seem, in the eyes of most observers, to hold the more conspicuous place.

In his comments on the historical significance of the events Mr. Collins states nothing that differs essentially from the conclusions of others; but he has laid so firm a foundation of fact upon which to base his opinions that what he says has peculiar force and value. His final chapter contains a brief but thoroughly satisfactory review of the situation, the leading features of which may be stated as follows: A small part of the army, driven to desperation by failure to obtain its pay, rose in mutiny against the power that had called it into existence. Congress, fearing actual physical danger, retired in undignified flight to Princeton. This event made clear, perhaps for the first time to the world at large, how anomalous was the position that Congress occupied—the only central government, yet unprotected by the States whose representative it was and impotent to guard itself against the disgraceful threats of an angry military mob. Such

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a beginning of our career as a nation was ominous for the future. The war had developed no permanent solidarity of interests, no largeness of view, no true national spirit. The members of Congress, as formerly at Philadelphia and afterward at Annapolis, viewed their duties at Princeton with exasperating nonchalance, and even in the throes of some definite accomplishment quarrelled and obstructed progress. Little wonder that men like Washington and Hamilton grew indignant at the unwillingness of the members to sink their local interest in a statesmanlike regard for the common welfare, and urged the need of an indissoluble union under one federal head. The great importance of Mr. Collins's work lies in the clearness with which it shows that even before peace with England was more than a rumor, events had betrayed the worthlessness of the Confederation and its impotence in the presence of grave dangers. Yet five disastrous years were to pass before the American people awoke to a sense of their peril and their disgrace.

So admirable a presentation of Congressional life during this period of five months should serve to call renewed attention to the wealth of information that lies buried in the voluminous papers of the Continental Congress now in the Library of Congress, and to aid in bringing about not only their more extended use by historical scholars, but their eventual publication by the government. The journals of Congress, now being published in a new edition, need at every point the illuminating and humanizing elements which the less formal papers furnish. Quite apart from his more immediate purpose of throwing light on a neglected episode, Mr. Collins has presented a convincing demonstration of the value of this and other similar material.

CURRENT FICTION.

Helianthus. By "Ouida." New York: The Macmillan Co.

When Louise de la Ramée ("Ouida") died last January, she left an unfinished story which is here published in a volume of nearly four hundred and fifty pages. We are bound, then, to overlook certain inconsistencies, to ignore some threads of narrative which apparently lead nowhere, and to accept the book with all its imperfections on its head. Taking it as it is, we may regard it as a sort of last will and testament of the author. In spite of defects, perhaps because of them, it smacks of "Ouida" on every page, and is another interesting revelation of her remarkable talent.

The conception is grandiose—the fortunes of dynasties and great nations hanging on the outcome of a love affair between a prince and the daughter of an arch revolutionist. The canvas is ample, stretching across all Europe. But the characters, as in so much of "Ouida's" earlier work, fall short of complete vitality. It would not be fair to say that the members of the royal family of Helianthus—the King, the Crown Prince and Princess, and Prince Orthyris, the hero—are mere types. Yet all of them, and also the beautiful heroine, Ilia Illyris, leave us a little cold. For all the pains that have been bestowed upon them, we do not greatly care what befalls them. More successful, on the whole, is the portraiture of the country in which they live. In description "Ouida" was a writer of no slight power, and she evidently exerted herself in the presentation of Helianthus, which is Italy with something of Greece thrown in for good measure. The blue of the Mediterranean, the massive hills, the groves of olives, and the charming gardens—all are made vivid to the eye in a style whose effectiveness not even "Ouida's" purple patches can seriously impair.

But the prime fault of "Helianthus" as a novel is that for the first half or two-thirds the story fails to carry the reader along. It is, indeed, not so much a story as a political tract, a satire on royalty, imperialism, and militarism. "Ouida" was an intense republican, a passionate humanitarian; and here she gives these qualities free rein. The bickerings, the jealousies, the meannesses of kings, and their gross ignorance of and indifference to popular desires and welfare; the selfishness, the plundering, the cruelty, the murder that are cloaked by such sounding terms as "patriotism," "fatherland," and "national glory"; the relations between Helianthus and its neighbors — Gallia (France), Candor (England), and the Guthonic Empire (Germany)—the outward shows of friendship, the secret malice and plottings—upon all these things the author pours her bitterest scorn. She draws us, for example, this picture of the Emperor Julius (William), the war-lord of the Guthones. It is undeniably a caricature; but the sting lies in the fact that many of the lines are fatally true:

> Julius had a manner of telling his army that he expected it to massacre its fellow-countrymen, whenever desired, which rivalled the finest times of mediæval despotism. He had a felicitous familiarity in his relations with the Deity, coupled with a reverential admiration of himself and of his own acts, his own speeches, his own talents and policies, which John of Gunderöde [King of Helianthus] admired respectfully, though the stolid common-sense of his own temper prevented him from equalling them. To rise to those supreme heights of self-adoration it is needful to have more than one *grain de folie* in one's moral and mental composition.

It would be easy to quote columns of such clever and cutting sentences. But it is already clear that one who cares less for a novel than for "Ouida's" last fierce onslaught on the hypocrisies of our civilization should read "Helianthus."

The Devil. By Adriaan Schade van Westrum. New York: G. W. Dillingham Co.

This is a novel founded upon the version of the Hungarian drama of the same name produced at the Belasco Theatre in New York, and it is illustrated from photographs of several scenes of the play. The task of one who runs dramatic material into the novel mould —much simpler than the opposite process—is to avoid adding too much. In this case the adapter has acquitted himself well; he has supplied costumes, properties, scenery, and business without lessening the objectivity of presentation or impairing the terseness and verve of the dramatic version. With the devil left out, this is the story: A young artist loses his money at Monte Carlo, is set on his feet by a millionaire, makes a reputation by painting his model, abandons her to become engaged to an heiress, whom he also deserts. At the end of the book, he and the millionaire's wife set out on the primrose path. To the eye, the devil appears as the most modern of gentlemen, differing from others only by the superiority of his intelligence; virtually, he is the externalized passion of each character in turn, dialoguing with reason in the critical moment. The admirable technique displayed in the conduct of this embodied evil is perhaps more readily appreciated by the reader of the novel than by the spectator of the play; for the sulphurous personality of such an actor as Mr. Arliss makes one forget the essential subjectivity of the fiend. The disengaged satirical tone of the book and its cynical ending would have commended it to the gentlemen of the court of Charles II.

Gilbert Neal. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper & Bros.

Mr. Harben's work represents a sincere impulse to express the life of simple people in Georgia, the life with which he is evidently most familiar. His method is movingly ingenuous; he writes not only of the people but from the people. Hence his acceptableness to the popular reader. There is no nonsense about him, no condescension from the sophisticated to the uncouth. When his heroine says, "If she were to die, it would be awful on uncle and the children," she is not employing a form of locution which seems to Mr. Harben either odd or amusing; nor, on the other hand, is he disturbed by the rather florid turns of speech with which his characters are wont to decorate the vernacular. This is not the way the common

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people talk, but it is the way they think they talk, or would like to talk, or at all events wish their persons in fiction to talk. If at one moment, we read of a weeping girl, "she pressed her damp face more firmly against his neck," at the next we hear that her hand "had lost the pliancy of grief, which had controlled it only a moment before." We know that we are not dealing with a ruthless realism; and we are prepared for the ensuing cry of the hero: "No, no, no, God forgive me, no! . . . The blackguard lied like a dirty dog, and I wish I'd killed him—killed him!"

The plot of the tale is delightfully melodramatic and Southern. The hero is an honest young farmer, the villain a dishonest young parson. The farmer's sister and the parson's wife are, as it were, the "two little Evas" of town-hall histrionics, and the parson's sister is the dashing adventuress to a miracle. The action turns upon the obvious fact that any honest young man ought to kill his sister's betrayer on sight. In this instance, to be sure, the betrayer does not quite betray, or the killer quite kill; but the intentions of both are of the best. The only human being in the story is one Daggart, village store-keeper and money-lender, and, as he says, "just a natural man, by hunky."

The Leaven of Love. By Clara Louise Burnham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The very stylish and coquettish young person on the cover of this book we take to represent the Christian Science heroine. She is a triumphant young person, as the story goes, carrying her amiable evangel to the just and the unjust, unaffectedly happy in leaving everything to God except conversation. She speaks the now familiar dialect of Mrs. Eddy and her band, smiles as persistently as Malvolio, and "demonstrates" a weeping sinew from a young man's wrist, with the nonchalant air of the trained magician. The book has that tone of comfortable liveliness which marks this amiable and prosperous sect. There is much contented basking in the consciousness that here at least is to be found the most profitable of earthly investments.

Chaucer and His England. By G. G. Coulton. 32 illustrations; pp. xii+321. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75 net.

In this book we do not read merely of Chaucer the poet, as in the studies by Lounsbury and others; nor do we read the politico-social history of England in the fourteenth century. The author attempts to portray just that England in which Chaucer lived and wrought. Of course, the poet's personality and gifts are brought out with clearness and force, but the present work is in the main rather about Chaucer than upon him. As such we welcome it cordially. When we weary of the construction of the framework of the "Legend of Good Women," or the niceties of Chaucerian scansion and grammar or the question whether the translation of the "Romance of the Rose" is by Chaucer or by another, we may turn with relief to the broader questions of society, church, state. We have not space for a detailed analysis of Mr. Coulton's work. Even the list of chapter headings would fail to suggest the wealth of material here gathered. We must restrict ourselves, therefore, to selecting a few topics for illustration.

Mr. Coulton knows his poet and quotes him freely and aptly. Yet the manner of quoting is puzzling, not to say irritating. On one page he sets up Chaucerian English, with at least an attempt at exactness; on another page he presents the poet in quite Victorian garb. Compare p. 163:

> And when I saw he wouldë never fine
> To readen on this cursed book all night,

with p. 146:

> He was a very perfect gentle Knight.

or with p. 161:

> This Pardoner answerëd not a word.

One need not be a passed Chaucerian to know that Chaucer never wrote or spoke "perfect"; we urge Mr. Coulton to look up the word in the Oxford Dictionary. Nor did Chaucer write "gentle," but "gentil"; there is a distinction. And "answerëd" for "answerdë" is in disregard of Chaucerian grammar. Sometimes Mr. Coulton gives the references for his quotations, sometimes he does not. Now, although most of us can locate a Chaucerian line at a pinch, we grudge the time. The present reviewer would echo M. Jourdain's exhortation, "Faites comme si je ne le savais pas." The reference, p. 21, to "Chaucer's *contemporaries*, Lydgate and Hoccleve," will certainly trip the unwary; one might as well speak of Dryden and Pope, or Pope and Johnson, as contemporaries.

After Chaucer himself, the author most frequently cited by Mr. Coulton is Langland. This is eminently wise, for the author of the "Vision of Piers the Plowman" not only was a genius after his own fashion and worthy to stand by the side of Chaucer, but presented that aspect of life which the court poet usually ignored. Occasionally, it is true, Chaucer gives a perfect sketch of homely life, notably in the description of the widow and her cottage in the "Nun's Priest's Tale." But in the great main, if we seek to learn how the lower classes moiled and suffered, we must go to the "Vision." And whoever has once read that extraordinary poem will always revert to it with enhanced pleasure and respect. It is, in truth, a bolder effort and moves along broader lines than any single piece of Chaucer's. So many of Mr. Coulton's topics touch upon Langland rather than upon Chaucer that one is almost tempted to change the title of the volume to "Chaucer and Piers Plowman and Their England." On the other hand, Gower, Chaucer's real "contemporary," is cited with comparative infrequence. Gower, we all know, is dry and pedantic, and consequently repellent. We suspect, however, that a minute study of all his writings, Latin and French no less than English, might yield more information than has been commonly admitted.

Chapter xvii., "The Gay Science," goes pretty deeply into the mediæval conception of love. As might have been expected, Mr. Coulton points many a moral by referring to Dante. Though we do not feel called upon to controvert bluntly any of his views on Dante, we take the liberty of believing that Dante stood quite outside and above his world in ethical purity; was, in fact, the quintessence of purity for all time; whereas Chaucer, even at his best, was of the earth earthy. The difference is fundamental and organic. And Mr. Coulton's conception of Emily, in the "Knight's Tale" (p. 222), is to us a puzzle. His words are:

> Chaucer himself could not have made her a Die Vernon or an Ethel Newcome; with fuller modelling and more freedom of action in the story, she could at best have become a sort of Beatrix Esmond.

We are unable, however, to trace the slightest kinship between 'Trix and Emily; the one is caprice incarnate, the other is the good girl who always does what she is bid.

The last two chapters, xxiii. and xxiv., "Priests and People" and "Conclusion," should give us much food for thought. Here we are confronted with the eternal question: What and how much did men believe? What was the Church to the humble layman, what to the scholar and thinker? Mr. Coulton would probably be the last man to assert that he had answered the question definitively; for he is well aware that in such matters there can be no final word. In general his doctrine seems to us true and illuminating. Of Chaucer in particular we may hold that he was at once a believer and a skeptic. Yet on one point, at least, we would join issue with Mr. Coulton. At pp. 36, 72, 312, and perhaps elsewhere, he treats the so-called "Retractation," appended to the "Parson's Tale," as genuinely Chaucerian. Does he really believe this? We do not. The "Retractation" reads more like the pious invention of a later hand.

The index is insufficient for a book of such complexity. Of the illustrations

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we are constrained to say that, although they are pleasant to look upon, they do not always illustrate Chaucer or Chaucer's England.

The Strength of Nations. By J. W. Welsford. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75 net.

This volume presents another "argument from history" to prove that Great Britain is doomed to ultimate ruin, unless she adopts the programme of the "tariff reformers." It illustrates very well the advantages of the so-called "historical method." So long as he confines himself to present-day conditions, the economist is obliged to deal with problems the elements of which are more or less familiar; but if he will go back to remote ages, he can readily free himself from the embarrassments which inconvenient and stubborn facts oppose to the development of preconceived theories. In justice to Mr. Welsford, it should be said that he makes the most of the opportunities which the historical method affords.

He is content to begin with Rome, and does not undertake to show that freedom of trade ruined the ancient monarchies and empires of the East. The Roman Empire, he maintains, declined and fell because of "foreign imports." First, the provinces ruined Italy by supplying her with food and manufactured products, and the provinces, in turn, were ruined by imports from the outlying parts of the world. Constantinople then became the centre of Mediterranean traffic, but neglected "productive" industry for foreign trade, and so, in time, lost her supremacy. Under Charlemagne, "Europe for a short time lost its national character, and became a brotherhood," but this experiment with "the brotherhood of man and universal free trade" ended in war—which shows how wrong the "philosophers" were and are. England became the first true nation, by developing industries and "founding commerce upon production." The Italian cities, on the other hand, some of them "producing towns" and others "trading towns," could form no union; and thus Italy was ruined by "free food, free trade, and disunion." The Hanseatic towns were indifferent to "the interests of German workers," and so the league "was no real union." The German Empire failed to adopt a protective policy in 1523, through the machinations of wicked merchants, who were bringing in foreign manufactures, and thus German unity and freedom were destroyed. Holland developed trade at the expense of industry, and thereby brought about her own undoing. France became strong in the seventeenth century through protection, but sacrificed her advantage in the commercial treaty concluded with England in 1786. This treaty wrought havoc in France and speedily brought on the Revolution, the true causes of which have been wickedly "obscured" by the "free-trade historians." The Revolution, in reality, "began with an influx of British goods," and ended after the sale of such goods was prohibited in 1793.

Thus the story runs, with frequent castigations of Adam Smith, Cobden, and the other miscreants who in divers times and places have plotted against the welfare of their fellow-men and retarded the progress of the race. Foreign trade is a terrible thing except in non-competing products, as in exchange between temperate and tropical regions. To import goods which you can produce yourself, albeit at greater expense, involves waste of energy and tends to depress industry. To draw an income from foreign investments is worst of all, and exhausts the country that receives it, even as Italy was ruined by the tribute exacted from subject provinces. Finally,

> In an economic union of the British Empire, tropical raw material will be linked to British industry, and the new combination will have no need to fear foreign competition.

Mr. Welsford's theories of international trade need not be criticised here. They represent the crudest type of protectionist thought, and may be dismissed without further remark. His appeal to the facts of history is so grotesque as to be positively diverting. The Roman Empire was ruined by free trade! Italy and Germany failed to attain national unity on account of unregulated foreign commerce! The French Revolution was caused by the treaty with England in 1786! Adam Smith was paid by Charles Townshend to visit France, learn the "schemes of the French economists," and then advise the British government in matters of commercial policy! The "Wealth of Nations" "was manufactured mainly for exportation," and served admirably the purpose of compassing the ruin of England's rivals! And our own civil war, we learn, was caused, not by slavery, but by the desire of the South to secure free trade. After reading all this, the critic wonders how Mr. Welsford came to overlook the striking and significant fact that ancient Troy was ruined by free importation of a wooden horse "dumped" on her shores by the wily Greeks. In conclusion it should be observed that our author does not carry his investigation so far as the decade preceding the repeal of the Corn Laws. In the distress of the laboring classes during that period he would have found some useful evidence of the beauties of taxes on grain. But, then, as we have already remarked, the historical method loses many of its advantages as the protectionist approaches times that we know something about.

Science.

Lectures on the Elementary Psychology of Feeling and Attention. By Edward Bradford Titchener. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.40 net.

"I suppose that every experimental psychologist," our author remarks in one of his lectures, "has, at one time or another, been confronted with the skeptical question: 'What, after all, has the experimental method done for general psychology?'" He adds that, as a rule, it is not easy to find an answer; but for a satisfactory reply he might well have referred his questioner to his own book here considered. It is seldom that one meets an author who is so well equipped for his task by years of labor, and whose studies have left him more keen in the endeavor to view all sides of his subject without bias, and more thoroughly imbued with that power of balanced judgment which alone gives significance to the work of the scientific writer. And such an equipment is the more welcome, for the fields chosen by our author remain in obscurity, while modern research has thrown brilliant light upon coördinate psychological realms of no greater importance.

It cannot be said, however, that the writer is without his own bias. As he himself says:

> If you are favorably impressed by a scientific theory, the facts that support that theory crowd in upon you, while the outstanding facts, those that cannot connect with the trend of consciousness, fail to present themselves; you mean to be impartial, and the conditions of attention make you one-sided (P. 98).

This bias in our author's case is in favor of sensationalism, one to which the psycho-physicist is naturally liable, as in his typical experiments he must of necessity deal largely with sensational data. This bias is shown throughout the book, but has especial influence upon Professor Titchener's discussions in the realm that he designates by the common term "feeling," a word so vague in meaning that it surely should be eliminated from all scientific psychological works where it can be replaced by any other. In the lectures relating to this subject he gives less weight to non-sensational theories of pleasure and pain than is their due, although his eminent fairness of mind prevents him from glossing over the objections to theories in which, as a sensationalist, he would naturally be expected to take a special interest; such, for instance, as Stumpf's theory of *Gefühlsempfindungen.*

A mere glance at the "index of names" will satisfy the reader of the author's erudition, which, it is clear, has been assimilated rather than merely retained. As would be expected from the translator of Wundt's principal

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works, he devotes much of his space to a study of this master's views, but he discusses them with no sign of slavish advocacy, giving them, in fact, little more weight than he gives to the opinion of other investigators, not always men of note, whose work appears to him to be worthy of attention. It is natural perhaps that a man of his special training should pay special attention to the thought of German writers; but this predilection has led Professor Titchener to overlook some valuable contributions by men of other nationalities, among which we may mention those of our own Prof. R. S. Woodworth. These are especially important in this connection because they tend to discredit the sensationalist dogma which dominates our author's thought.

The questions which Profeessor Titchener discusses are too technical for detailed treatment here. His general problem is one of problems; his principal aim is to determine what points in his chosen fields demand elucidation, and are worthy of investigation; to explain how they have been treated, and to indicate wherein they lack such clearness as the experimentalist may hope to give to them by his method and mode of approach. And in this attempt the author has been eminently successful. He has laid out enough work that promises important results to keep the psycho-physicists busy for a generation. Collections of classroom lectures are not often inspiring, but this work is a welcome exception to this rule. It must add much to its author's reputation, if for no other reason than that it sets for all other workers in the same realm of science a pace the maintenance of which will call for all their energies.

The Musée Océanographique in Monaco, which is to be dedicated this coming winter, will contain an exceptionally rich collection of specimens of submarine fauna and flora, which are the fruits of the scientific journeys of Prince Albert of Monaco. The prince is having erected in Paris an Educational Institute for Oceanography, which is to coöperate with the Museum.

Dr. Cuthbert Collingwood, a British physiologist, zoölogist, and botanist of note, has died at the age of eighty-one. He wrote many papers for the *Linnæan Transactions* and other scientific journals, besides his books: "Rambles of a Naturalist in the China Seas," "A Vision of Creation," "The Bible and the Age," and "From Beyrout to Bethlehem."

The death is announced at the age of thirty-three of Duncan MacNaughten, a Scotch ornithologist, who had already made a name for himself by his studies of bird-life in Scotland.

The death in his seventy-fourth year is announced of Adolf Wüllner, professor of physics at the Technical Hochschule of Aix-la-Chapelle. His "Lehrbuch der Physik," in four volumes, was a popular text-book which had reached a fifth edition.

Dr. Friedrich Bezold, professor of otology at the University of Munich, has died at the age of sixty-six. He had made a special study of the treatment of deaf-mutes, and had written largely on diseases of the ear.

Drama.

The Age of Shakespeare. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. New York: Harper & Bros. $2 net.

It is not easy to give a fair report on this latest incursion of Mr. Swinburne into criticism. Some veneration is due to a name so high among the living makers of literature, even though that name may denote many things distasteful to the present reviewer; yet in strict truth these essays can scarcely be characterized otherwise than as "sound and fury, signifying"—let us say the author's temper more than Shakespeare's age. Here, in nine chapters, Mr. Swinburne sets down his impressions of Marlowe, Webster, Dekker, Heywood, Tourneur, and other selected dramatists. He has himself an intimate familiarity with these writers—it is doubtful if any man of to-day has read them more continually and more enthusiastically than he—and he requires of the reader almost the same sort of knowledge. We can admire this stalwart contempt for the ignorant, yet after all to write as if even the ordinary student held in memory the plots of all these Elizabethan plays so as to understand the critic's passing comment, is to fire much of one's powder into the air. And, to continue the metaphor, Mr. Swinburne, when he is really serious, always discharges two barrels at a shot, one at the subject in view, the other at a supposed adversary. Thus, he is not content with expressing his opinion that Webster was not "morbidly fascinated by a fantastic attraction toward the 'violent delights' of horror," but he must prelude this with the exclamation: "In all the vast and voluminous records of critical error there can be discovered no falsehood more foolish or more flagrant than the vulgar tradition," etc. Well, the vulgar tradition is generally right, and a vulgar critic might, if he dared face the vast and voluminous wrath of Mr. Swinburne, point to many scenes in which Webster revels in the very dregs of physical horror. Again Thomas Campbell once compared Webster and Euripides, somewhat to the advantage of the latter. Beware! Campbell, Mr. Swinburne first declares, is "ignorant and incapable of understanding," and then adds: "As there is no poet morally nobler than Webster, so there is no poet ignobler in the moral sense than Euripides. . . The degenerate tragedian of Athens, compared to the second tragic dramatist of England, is as a mutilated monkey to a well-made man." Such mouthing exaggeration calls to mind a phrase applied to Mr. Swinburne in a recent book—"the howling dervish among critics"; or, is Mr. Swinburne merely ironic, and has he been laughing in his sleeve at us all these years?

It is fair to add that this chapter on Webster, as it deals with one of Mr. Swinburne's enthusiasms, is the least reasonable in the book, without the compensation of that torrential eloquence which, in some of his earlier works—his volume on Blake, for example—gave to "airy nothing" a sublime force. It contains, indeed, the nearest approach to a philosophical idea to be found within these covers—but, then, the idea is forthwith turned to false conclusions. The passage, as typical of Mr. Swinburne at his strongest, may be quoted at length:

> Æschylus is above all things the poet of righteousness. "But in any wise, I say unto thee, revere thou the altar of righteousness": this is the crowning admonition of his doctrine, as its crowning prospect is the reconciliation or atonement of the principle of retribution with the principle of redemption, of the powers of the mystery of darkness with the co-eternal forces of the spirit of wisdom, of the lord of inspiration and of light. The doctrine of Shakespeare, where it is not vaguer, is darker in its implication of injustice, in its acceptance of accident, than the impression of the doctrine of Æschylus. Fate, irreversible and inscrutable, is the only force of which we feel the impact, of which we trace the sign, in the upshot of "Othello" or "King Lear." The last step into the darkness remained to be taken by "the most tragic" of all English poets. With Shakespeare—and assuredly not with Æschylus—righteousness itself seems subject and subordinate to the masterdom of fate; but fate itself, in the tragic world of Webster, seems merely the servant or the synonym of chance. The two chief agents in his two great tragedies pass away—the phrase was, perhaps, unconsciously repeated—"in a mist": perplexed, indomitable, defiant of hope and fear; bitter and skeptical and bloody in penitence or impenitence alike. And the mist which encompasses the departing spirits of these moody and mocking men of blood seems equally to involve the lives of their chastisers and their victims. Blind accident and blundering mishap—"such a mistake," says one of the criminals, "as I have often seen in a play"—are the steersmen of their fortunes and the doomsmen of their deeds.

That is well said and true, but it is not true that Webster, because he reduces the world to a fingerboard for Chance, is the most tragic of our dramatists and most noble morally. On the contrary, it may be said that chance is essentially non-tragic and non-moral, and that this element of chance in Webster, this dying in the mist, makes him profoundly striking, bewildering, overpowering, but untragical in the sense that "Macbeth" and "Agamemnon" and "Hippolytus" are tragical. The elevation of tragedy, as opposed to the

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mere terror or grewsomeness of calamity, is due to the conquest of moral order over chance, to the feeling that the hounds of heaven track their prey with unerring scent through all the hurly-burly of an otherwise incomprehensible world.

We have dwelt thus on this study of Webster because it is the most Swinburnian in the book. Candor will add that Mr. Swinburne becomes more critical just as he becomes less serious and less himself. From the other essays one might pick a number of shrewd judgments on minor points, and of happy discriminations in taste among plays of mediocre significance. As examples of this we may cite his comment on the poems attributed to Dekker, and his praise of Marston's satire of Euphuism. But, as a whole, it can only be repeated that the book must impress any sane reader as the cry of an enraged and baffled romanticism, of a romanticism that, like some wild beast at bay, snaps and snarls at common-sense.

The third volume of the Variorum edition of Beaumont and Fletcher will come from G. Bell & Sons some time this month. The volume contains five plays, viz.: "The Faithful Shepherdess," edited by W. W. Greg; "The Mad Lover" and "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," edited by R. Warwick Bond; "The Loyal Subject," edited by John Masefield, with an introduction by R. Warwick Bond; and "The Laws of Candy," edited by E. K. Chambers.

To the useful series, French Classics for English Readers (G. P. Putnam's Sons), the latest addition comes in a selection of Molière's plays, translated by Prof. Curtis Hidden Page, with an introduction by Prof. Brander Matthews. The latter sketches the dramatist's career in a rapid outline of some twenty-five pages, in which are condensed, for popular reading, most of the undisputed views concerning Molière's life and work. Each of the eight plays selected is preceded by a brief explanation of its design; here, however, one or two suggestions may be hazarded. It is held by more than one authority to-day that Molière, in "Les Précieuses ridicules," directed his satire not at the genuine great ladies, but against their understudies, so to speak. Fuller comment might also be given on the social conditions which rendered possible the flourishing of so peculiar a type as Tartuffe, and the amazing genius which converts this specific variety of hypocrite into a permanently universal representative. The Englishing of the original is for the most part faithful. Minute comparison of the prose plays here rendered with so well-known a version as Van Laun's demonstrates the unflinching precision of Professor Page's usual method; he rarely grants himself the easy luxury of the evasive paraphrase, and in instances where Van Laun mistranslates supplies the equivalent for Molière's phrase. A good example appears in "L'Avare" (iii. 5), where Harpagon recommends as cheap and filling food "quelque bon *haricot* bien gras," etc. In Van Laun we find the all but incredible blunder of "some good fat *beans*"; to Professor Page the original very properly suggests "a good fat mutton (?) *stew*." Again, in the same play (i. 10), Valère, in a well-sustained sporting metaphor, speaks of characters "qui se *roidissent* contre le droit chemin de la raison." Van Laun has it "set their faces," while in the present translation we read "*balk* at the straight road of reason." Between "flimsy sparks" and "effeminate young beaux" (*damoiseaux flouets*), a reader may hesitate to choose. And in the poetical plays, which are here for the first time reproduced in corresponding English verse, Professor Page has contrived to follow the original almost step by step without falling into that mechanical style which is too often the mark of the translator. At times, of course, the "little less," which seems its inevitable result, implies the sacrifice of some of the epigrammatic pungency, the true flavor of the Molièrean couplet. Contrast

Things are not far advanced yet, in the country

and

La campagne à présent n'est pas beaucoup fleurie,
("Tartuffe," i, 4.)

Or, again:

I must be singled out: to put it flatly,
The friend of all mankind's no friend for me

and

Je veux qu'on me distingue; et, pour le trancher net,
L'ami du genre humain n'est point du tout mon fait.
("Le Misanthrope," i, 1,)

Singularly enough, the translations offered in the latter play, of the "sonnet" of Oronte and the quaint verses preferred by Alceste, have a more genuine smack of the original.

H. G. Voigt, a young and ambitious writer, has recently published (Stuttgart: J. F. Steinkopf) two historical dramas, which, though far from perfect, give promise. One is entitled "Wendungen: Historisch-dramatische Dichtung über die Zeit Gregors VII"; the other, "Perpetua; Dramatisches Gemälde aus der Zeit der Christenverfolgung." The lines are iambic pentametre and very smooth.

The representation of "The World and His Wife," seen here for the first time in Daly's Theatre on Monday evening, has enough of substantial merit to make amends for its minor shortcomings. It is a new and modernized version by Charles F. Nirdlinger of the "El Gran Galeoto," long regarded as one of the greatest achievements of the Spanish dramatist, Echgaray. The theme is the potency for evil in irresponsible and malicious gossip, and it is handled with remarkable ingenuity, verity, and genuine tragic power. In spirit it is a latter-day variation of the story of "Othello," with pharisaical suspicion and credulity the motive, instead of Iago's jealousy and hate. The story is very simple, and, in spite of its rapid development, entirely reasonable. A noble gentleman, devoted to a wife who loves him with equal sincerity, maintains in his household a young friend, to whom he is bound by every tie of affection and gratitude. The three associate on terms of charming and honorable intimacy, without suspicion on the one side, or thought of wrong on the other. But the idle and censorious world soon sees in the youth a lover and in the husband an unsuspecting victim. The latter hears the gossip through the agency of a suspicious and malignant brother, and is so distracted by jealousy that he no longer has any sense of justice. Finally he is fatally wounded in a duel, and dies cursing the unfortunate wife, who had risked even her good name in a final effort to save him. Thus, by force of unavoidable circumstance, the true friend and the faithful wife are driven into each other's arms in self-defence. It is a vital piece which holds the interest unceasingly, and moves with swift and nicely calculated action to a thrilling climax. Mr. Nirdlinger's attempts at the modernization of it are not happy; are, indeed, often out of harmony with the rest of the piece, but he has not interfered with the main outlines, and his version, if unequal, is, at least, theatrically and dramatically effective. Few better plays are likely to be seen this season. The representation is of somewhat more than respectable quality, though not brilliant. Cooper Cliffe gives an able and striking impersonation of the jealous husband—with an undeniable note of Spanish color in it—and William Faversham is, on the whole, satisfactory as the suspected friend. Miss Julie Opp lacks many of the qualities supposed to be inherent in the character of the heroine. The piece was well received on its merits, and is likely to have a long run.

Miss Ethel Barrymore's engagement at the Hudson Theatre in this city will begin on November 9, when she will be seen in the "Lady Frederick" of W. Somerset Maugham. That excellent actress, Jessie Millward, will also have a prominent part in this play.

Miss Julia Marlowe has decided to begin her new season with a production of Mary Johnston's poetic play, "The Goddess of Reason," which is a romance of the French Revolution.

Charles Frohman has the American rights of a new comedy by Alexander Bisson, "The Marriage of the Star," and will produce it before the end of the present season.

The London Play Actors have been giving a performance of "The Maid's Tragedy" of Beaumont and Fletcher, or, rather, of an emasculated version of that powerful and poetic but not too pleasant play. Esme Berenger was the Evadne; Kathleen Rind, Aspatia; Edwyn Holloway, Amintor; and H. A. Saintsbury, Melantius. This is probably the first time the play has had a stage hearing in England since the days of Phelps at Saddler's Wells. For many years it was prominent in the repertory of Macready.

The Dramatic Productions Club, which proposes to continue the work of the extinct Pioneers at the Court Theatre, in London, has decided to deal with the works of British authors only. Its first choice has fallen upon a three-act piece named "Isaac's Wife," by F. D. Bone and William Share. Mr. Bone was the author of a little one-act play entitled "Pride of Regiment," produced some months ago at the London Haymarket. "Isaac's Wife" deals with a phase of military and social life suggested by one of Kipling's earlier stories.

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Music.

Personal Recollections of Wagner. By Angelo Neumann. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.50 net.

When Wagner produced his four Nibelung operas at Bayreuth in 1876, it was his intention to have a similar festival every year and to reserve those operas exclusively for these occasions. The deficit of $40,000 in which the first festival resulted did not augur well for the success of his plan; he was, however, not ready to give it up when, on August 27 of the same year, the director of the Leipzig Opera, August Förster, asked permission to produce the Ring. Wagner answered: "My work is not finished: the performances have revealed to me many imperfections. Give me time to repeat my work next year here at Bayreuth in a carefully revised form." Five months later, however, having realized the impossibility of giving another festival, he wrote to Förster that he had been compelled to abandon his plan of reserving the Nibelung's Ring for Bayreuth for at least three years, and was willing to let Leipzig be the first to hear that work. The offer was eagerly accepted, but the negotiations were broken off by a misunderstanding. Wagner asked 10 per cent. of the receipts and an *Ehrensold* of $2,400. Förster took this in the sense of an advance payment merely, and when he realized that it meant an extra disbursement he broke off the negotiations; nor was he willing to resume them when Wagner subsequently waived that *Ehrensold;* for Förster's doubts as to the profitableness of this work had grown. But when his season ended with a deficit of 121,000 marks, he was in a mood for listening to the advice of his assistant, Angelo Neumann, and Wagner's offer was accepted; the trilogy was produced in the composer's native city with surprising success, both artistic and financial. When, subsequently, Neumann became manager of the Leipzig Opera, Wagner showed his confidence by allowing him to form a Travelling Wagner Theatre, which gave Nibelung performances in the principal cities of Germany, Austria, Italy, Holland, Belgium, England, and Russia. From 1876 till a few weeks before Wagner's death those two men constantly exchanged letters, which are printed in this volume, and lend it a unique interest, not only because they belong to a period when Wagner was not so prolific a writer as he had been previously, but because they reveal him more clearly as a business man than any other collection of his letters does.

The most important of these letters, however, are those which indicate his attitude toward "Parsifal." At the time when Mr. Conried broke the Bayreuth monopoly of that music-drama there was a great outcry in Germany because of Wagner's alleged solemn declaration that "Parsifal" should never under any circumstances be produced outside of Bayreuth. His real attitude is made clear in a long letter to Neumann dated only a few months before his death (September 29, 1882), which may be commended to those who fancy that a "sacrilege" was committed at our Metropolitan Opera House. In this letter Wagner says that, while he lives, he wants to keep "Parsifal" for Bayreuth; that he knows of no one who could carry on his work there after his death; and that if death or illness should prevent him from continuing that work, he is willing that Neumann should have "Parsifal" for his Wagner Theatre, provided it be kept on its high level.

Neumann had met Wagner before the first Bayreuth Festival. He happened to be in a room at the Hotel Marquardt in Stuttgart on the very day when Wagner, in the adjoining room, received the message from King Ludwig inviting him to come to Munich. Neumann was so fortunate as to be present at the rehearsals under Wagner's direction of two of his operas in Vienna, in 1875, and gives some interesting details. These rehearsals bore fruit, subsequently, at Leipzig, for they gave Neumann a deep insight into Wagner's methods. Nevertheless, when the Ring operas were being prepared in Leipzig, Wagner sent both Hans Richter and Anton Seidl to see that his intentions were carried out. Seidl was his special protégé; and Wagner insisted that Neumann should engage him as conductor:

> I beg you to make this possible. This I urge less in view of Seidl's material interests (for I have at this moment another good place for him) than for the advantage of the Leipzig performances of my operas—and I know what I am talking about. None of the other conductors knows my tempi and the correspondence between the music and the action. Seidl I instructed personally. He will conduct the Nibelungen for you better than any one else. If my word is in this case not sufficient I shall never recommend any one else to you.

Neumann did follow this advice, and had reason to congratulate himself, for without Seidl the Travelling Wagner Theatre could not have won such brilliant triumphs. This truth is enforced by an anecdote told by Neumann. The conservative Ferdinand Hiller, an arch enemy of Wagner, who had written most abusively of the "Tannhäuser" overture, heard Seidl conduct this overture at a concert in Cologne. During the intermission Hiller asked Neumann to be introduced to Seidl, to whom he addressed these manly words: "I have come to tell you that I have to-day heard the 'Tannhäuser' overture for the first time."

Neumann's book is brimful of good anecdotes like this, showing Wagner and his helpers behind the scenes. To cite only one more: At a rehearsal in Berlin Wagner addressed these words to the orchestra:

> I beg you, gentlemen, not to take the *ff* too seriously; wherever there is one, change it to *fp*, and change the *p* to *pp*. Remember that there are so many of you down there and up here only a single human throat.

When this work was first published in German it was reviewed at some length in these columns (see the *Nation* of October 24, 1907, p. 381). The translation by Edith Livermore is generally smooth and idiomatic, but there are some strange and quite inexplicable errors, among them the repeated use of "libretto," or "book," for "Partitur" (score); the transformation of "an important compact" (*bedeutungsvoller Vertrag*) into "a disagreeable encounter." There are also a few injudicious omissions, among which that of two interesting paragraphs about Nikisch is to be regretted.

Mrs. Thedore Thomas has given many of the orchestral scores used by her husband to the Newberry Library of Chicago. The gift includes ten volumes of Thomas's own autograph and manuscript scores. Among them are Bach's "A Stronghold Sure Our God Remains," as adapted by Mr. Thomas, the most important works of the German composers from Bach to Wagner, and works by Berlioz, Rousseau, Rameau, Grétry, Mehul, Paisiello, Palestrina, Cimarosa, Chopin, and others.

Grieg's operatic fragment, "Olaf Trygvason," had its first scenic production on October 8 at the National Theatre in Christiania.

Art.

THE WATER-COLOR CLUB.

It cannot be said that the nineteenth annual exhibition of the New York Water Color Club, at the American Fine Arts building, has anything very remarkable or epoch-making to show. But then the work that is remarkable or epoch-making is always rare, and the collection maintains a fair average, and includes a few things of interest and promise.

Water-color and pastel are dangerous mediums, because so much can be done with them that should not be done. Their possibilities tempt more than one exhibitor to display his own undoubted, though mistaken, cleverness. There is a great deal of this sort of cleverness in the three large portraits of women by Thomas P. Auschutz; they are skilful in their way, even daring, but the same effects would have been much more legitimately rendered with oils. Other work could be pointed out in which the same fault

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appears, if on a less elaborate scale; the space covered is out of all proportion to the materials employed, and the quality obtained is the last which should be sought for. On the other hand, there are no better examples of drawings in which water color is used simply and directly than Charles H. Woodbury's two studies of the sea, which have also, in addition to their technical excellence, a distinct charm of color and feeling of movement. Something of the transparency of water is lacking in his Breaking Waves, but the action is expressed with true dramatic force. The Tide and the Cliff reveals the same careful observation, the same power to render movement, and it has besides a very delicate beauty in the quiet sky, with its pale tints of green and rose. Both are among the finest drawings we have seen by Mr. Woodbury.

Nothing in the collection, however, is more interesting than the proof of the increased preoccupation of artists with the beauty of New York. When there are subjects so suggestive and picturesque at home, the tendency to wander to Holland, France, Italy, or wherever it may be, in pursuit of motives that have already served again and again, strikes one as more than ever useless. Colin Campbell Cooper in Afternoon, West Side, New York, suggests admirably the dignity and impressiveness of the skyscraper, like a great white castle, springing high above the mass of rose and white houses, against the pale, luminous American sky. The skyscraper has a distinct character of its own, and Mr. Cooper has had the intelligence to discover it. Moreover, in this drawing, he has set himself an extremely difficult problem of perspective, for he looks both down into the deep street far below him, and up to the cliff-like walls beyond. We question if, actually, it would ever be possible for any one, even the artist, to take in the detail with which he fills the street and the nearer houses, and, at the same time, get so complete an impression of the scene as a whole. Incident must be sacrificed to the aspect of a scene, or else the eye wanders from place to place, finding a dozen pictures instead of one. But in this case the detail has most likely been put in deliberately to help to give the scale. Oliver Ainsley's concern is rather with the illumination of New York on a Summer Night, and the splendor of its lights, flaming from the high houses through the blue and purple shadows. J. E. Jackson is content to see Madison Square from a more conventional point of view, such as the squares and streets of any other big town might have furnished him, the surrounding buildings serving only as a dim background. Altogether the accomplishment so far may be small, but there is promise in the signs that artists working in New York are awakening to the beauty at their door, and seeking their inspiration in it. During the greatest periods of art, the masters seldom troubled to go further astray than the life and the world they knew.

Alexander Robinson relies less upon subject for character, than upon his own vision and methods. Well-worn Dutch and Italian haunts of painters have provided him with his themes. As for his vision, things present themselves to it in blocks of color, often crude and violent; as for his methods, he arranges these blocks in a mosaic of paint, with no great regard for intervening values, something in the manner of Frank Brangwyn. The result is at times brilliant, at times brutal. The other more notable contributions come from Hermann Dudley Murphy, whose impressions of Beach and Lagoon may be reechoes, but are not without tenderness and charm; from Miss Elizabeth Shippen Green, who shows how well she can work in colors for reproduction in black-and-white, and whose delight is in arrangement, in pattern, until it threatens to blind her to everything else in nature; Charles Warren Eaton, whose impressions of night are full of suggestion; and Charles L. A. Smith, whose mannerisms are marked, but not as yet unpleasant. There is good drawing in the foliage in Edward Dufner's Summer Evening, and the serious study of Moon Shadows in Miss Adelaide Deming's drawing has won for her the Beal prize.

Moffat, Yard & Co. will publish Frank Weitenkampf's "How to Appreciate Prints" early this month.

Whistler, that master of terse expression in two arts, seems likely to be the perpetual cause of diffuseness in others. It is rather difficult to see, for example, why Otto H. Bacher's agreeable magazine articles "With Whistler in Venice" should reappear in a large, expensive, and lavishly illustrated volume (The Century Co.). It is a pleasant enough picture that Mr. Bacher gives of "Jimmy" as the chum and tyrant of a group of Duveneck's young pupils at Venice in the year 1880. But the thread of reminiscences is spun out very thin, and nothing seems quite worthy of the dignity of covers unless it be the chapters on Whistler's technical methods in producing the now famous Venetian etchings. Here Mr. Bacher, an accomplished etcher himself, writes with authority, and adds something to Mortimer Menpes's abundant memorabilia of a similar sort. The picture of "Jimmy" running the nitric acid over an unbanked plate is vivid and instructive, suggesting his extraordinary dexterity. Mr. Bacher presents many of his own etchings of Venice, made during his association with Whistler, and if the contrast with a better known "Venetian set" is a bit damaging, Mr. Bacher's firm line bears reproduction far better than the filmy meshes of the Whistler prints. There are facsimiles of notes by Whistler and an interesting photograph of the Renaissance portal portrayed and glorified as "The Doorway." The book will supply a welcome footnote or two for the authoritative memoir of Whistler. Meanwhile, the reproductions of many of the Venetian etchings, each in two states or more, and the story of the Traghetto plate (p. 165f.) may be useful to those who believe Whistler's magic was exempt from painstaking.

Under the title "Ur-Engur: A Bronze of the Fourth Millennium in the Library of J. Pierpont Morgan" (New York: Frederick Fairchild Sherman), C. H. W. Johns of Queen's College, Cambridge, gives "a brief treatise on canephorous statues," including an examination of the Morgan statuette. After describing the Greek canephorous maidens, the "basket-bearers" (who officiated in great festivals), and their artistic representations, he enumerates the similar Babylonian and Assyrian figures, and from a comparison of the two groups concludes that probably the Greek custom is of Semitic origin. The Semitic figures are of two sorts: in one the materials in the basket appear to be for building; in the other they are supposed to be for sacrifice. It is to the latter class that the statuette under consideration belongs. It was bought by Mr. Morgan in 1907, in Paris, and was said to have come from Nippur, and its dedication to Ellil, the god (the Bel) of Nippur, supports this view. It is thirteen and a quarter inches high, and is regarded by Mr. Johns as excelling all similar Semitic figures in grace of pose and feature. He gives an account of the works carried on by Ur-Engur (whose inscription it bears, and who is now regarded as the founder of the dynasty of Ur), with some remarks on the uncertainty of the reading of his name, and on the difficulty in fixing his date, which, however, in any case is very early. Further discussion of the subject may be found in an article by B. T. A. Evetts, in the Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archæology for February 3, 1891. The material so far discovered does not throw much light on the origin of the basket-bearing, and the derivation of the Greek custom from the Semitic must for the present be regarded as only an hypothesis.

Paul Neff of Esslingen announces for the near future "Volkstümliche Kunst in Schwaben," prepared by Paul Schmohl for the Württemberg Zentralstelle für Gewerbe und Handel, with the coöperation of Prof. Eugen Gradmann. The work will contain more than 500 characteristic reproductions of the best architecture of the country.

The excavations of the Roman Theatre, which was discovered in 1899 in the basement of the Palazzo Reale, at Turin, have been completed during the past summer. The ruins extend through the garden to the Via Venti Settembre, along which, it is now seen, a broad arcade ran. The walls project but little above the level of the street, yet enough remains to preserve the entire ground plan, with the entrances and steps. No inscriptions have been found, except those previously announced. A broad avenue is building, which will lead from the Venti Settembre to the new wing of the palace. When this avenue is completed, the excavations will be opened to the public.

The prizes of the Roux foundation have been announced by the French Institute. In painting, the first prize (5,000 fr.) went

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to M. Jacquier, the second (2,700 fr.), to Mlle. Rondehay, and the third (2,000 fr.), to M. Lefeuvre; in sculpture, the first prize (5,400 fr.) went to M. Gaumont, and the second (3,000 fr.) to M. Villard; the first in architecture (2,700 fr.) to M. Tournon, and for miniatures the first (1,000 fr.) to Mlle. Routchine.

The death of Charles Landelle, painter of portraits and of Oriental scenes, removes one of the oldest exhibitors at the Salon, where his first picture was shown in 1841. He was born in 1821, and studied under Delaroche and Ary Scheffer.

The death is also announced, at the age of fifty-seven, of Frédéric Houbron, a member of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, and well known for his clever water-colors.

The Grolier Club of this city will hold an exhibition of etchings by Joseph Pennell November 6 to 21.

The *Athenæum* gives an account of important excavations made by Prof. J. Garstang of Liverpool University at Saktjegözy, in Asia Minor, about thirty miles west of Aintab due north of Aleppo. He has discovered a temple surrounded by a wall two metres thick, the main gate of which is decorated with lions and composite figures consisting of winged human-headed quadrupeds with tails terminating in birds' heads. These and other figures showed unmistakable traces of Assyrian influence in their design, and the deities represented may be actually Assyrian. But the treatment is different from that of any Assyrian sculptures known, and indicates that the work is probably that of Hittite artists about the eighth century B. C. No inscriptions were found. Within the temple walls lies a great mass of broken pottery, with a neolithic floor at the bottom. Among the fragments are some of the Cretan ware, known at Minoan.

Finance.

Dr. Stuart Daggett's "Railroad Reorganization" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is the fourth volume in the series of Harvard Economic Studies. It treats of seven of the more important reorganizations effected between 1892 and 1896, as well as of the notorious performances in Rock Island in 1902. The seven earlier reorganizations are those of the Baltimore and Ohio, the Erie, the Philadelphia and Reading, the Southern, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, the Union Pacific, and the Northern Pacific. The author describes the conditions that caused the embarrassment of each road; explains the problems encountered in reorganization, and discusses the readjustments finally effected. Interesting, in view of last spring's developments, is his criticism of the Erie Road:

> The earnings have greatly increased [that is, since 1896], its capitalization has grown in less proportion; but it has not yet a sufficient margin of surplus earnings to meet a decline in prosperity without serious misgivings.

The Rock Island reorganization of 1902 is shown to have been a mere stock-jobbing operation, by which the road "has lost its former stability, and must await a period of lessened earnings with serious apprehension." The concluding chapter discusses excellently the general problems involved in the reorganization of railway properties. Dr. Daggett has made a careful study of an important subject, and has produced a useful volume. It is no criticism of his work to add that "inside" information not yet available to one in Dr. Daggett's position and time for further tests of the stability of certain railway systems will be needed before the final word can be said upon some of the aspects of railway reorganization.

The Macmillan Co. has brought out a third edition of "The Modern Trust Company," by F. B. Kirkbride and J. E. Sterrett. The only material change from the first edition (see the *Nation* of February 8, 1906, p. 118) seems to be the addition of two pages to one of the appendices. In welcoming the first edition we called attention to the failure of the authors to deal adequately with the very important subject of State regulation of trust companies, and expressed the hope that this deficiency would be remedied in subsequent editions of what promised to be, and has actually proved, an exceedingly useful volume. We observe with regret that no effort has been made to improve the book at this point, and this in spite of the fact that the events of the past year have greatly increased interest in the subject. It is necessary, therefore, to repeat our former criticism that, as the book stands, "it fails to give us all that we have a right to expect from a comprehensive treatise upon trust companies."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abarbanell, J. R. The Heart of the People. Boston: C. M. Clark Publishing Co. $1.50.
Abbot, Lyman. The Home-Builder. Houghton, Mifflin. 75 cents net.
Alderson, Albert William. The Extinction in Perpetuity of Armaments and War. London: P. S. King & Son.
Ames, Joseph B. Pete, Cow-Puncher. Holt. $1.50.
Anderson, William. Japanese Wood Engravings: Their History, Technique, and Characteristics. London: Seeley & Co. 75 cents net.
Archer-Shepherd, E. H. The Ritual of the Tabernacle: A Devotional Study. London: Rivingtons.
Babbitt, James B. Physical History of the Earth in Outline. Boston: E. E. Sherman.
Baring-Gould, S. The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. Frederick A. Stokes.
Bigelow, William Sturgis. Buddhism and Immortality. Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.
Brereton, F. S. How Canada Was Won. H. M. Caldwell.
Brewster, Edith Gilman. To the Zoo; The Cheer-Up Book. Kansas City, Mo.: The Rust-Graft Shop.
Bridge, J. Frederick. Counterpoint. Oliver Ditson. 75 cents.
Brooks, John Graham. As Others See Us: A Study of Progress in the United States. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Burnett, Francis Hodgson. The Good Wolf. Moffat. $1 net.
Carolyn Wells Year Book of Old Favorites and New Fancies for 1909. Holt. $1.25.
Chesson, W. H. George Cruikshank. Dutton. 75 cents net.
Chitty, J. R. Things Seen in China. Dutton. 75 cents net.
Cicero's Philippic Orations, i, ii, iii, v, vii. Edited by John R. King. Henry Frowde.
Cooper's Leatherstocking Tales. Edited by Jesse Lyman Hurlbut. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. 75 cents.
Crowninshield, Francis W. Manners for the Metropolis. Appleton.
De Bary, Richard. The Land of Promise: An Account of the Material and Spiritual Unity of America. Longmans, Green. $1.50 net.
Deland, Ellen Douglas. Miss Betty of New York. Harper. $1.25.
Dimock, A. W., and Julian A. Florida Enchantments. Outing Publishing Co. $3 net.
Donohoe, Daniel Joseph. Early Christian Hymns. Grafton Press. $2 net.
Eaton, Walter Prichard. The American Stage of To-day. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.50.
Edgeworth, Maria. Tales that Never Die. Edited by Charles Welsh. H. M. Caldwell. $1.25.
Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by James Hastings. Vol. I. A-Art. Scribner. $7 net.
Everts, Katherine Jewell. The Speaking Voice. Harper. $1 net.
Flagg, James Montgomery. All in the Same Boat. Life Publishing Co.
Forbes-Lindsay, C. H. Washington: The City and the Seat of Government. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $3.
Fornaciari, Raffaello, Fra il Nuovo e l'Antico: Prose Letterarie. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.
Fournier d'Albe, E. E. New Light on Immortality. Longmans, Green. $1.75 net.
Franklin Bicentennial Celebration, 1906. Calendar of the Franklin Papers. Vols. II. to VI. Philadelphia: American Philosophical Society.
Fraser, Mrs. Hugh. The Heart of a Geisha. Putnam. $2.
Friedländer, Ludwig. Roman Life and Manners under the Early Empire. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Gaelic Fairy Tales. Glasgow: Archibald Sinclair, Celtic Press.
Gamble, R. W. Animal Life. Dutton. $2 net.
Glasgow Gallery, The. H. M. Caldwell. 35 cts.
Gerard, Dorothea. Pomp and Circumstance. B. W. Dodge. $1.50.
Gibson, A. H. Hydraulics and its Applications. D. Van Nostrand. $5 net.
Gibson, Charles. The Wounded Eros: Sonnets. Cambridge: Riverside Press.
Gilder, Richard Watson. Poems. Houghton Mifflin.
Godley, A. D. Oxford in the Eighteenth Century. Putnam. $2.25 net.
Gould, Elizabeth Lincoln. Barbara and the Five Little Purrs. H. M. Caldwell. 75 cts.
Graefe-Meier, Julius. Modern Art: Being a Contribution to a New System of Æsthetics. 2 vols. Putnam. $10.50 net.
Henry of Navarre: A Romance of August, 1572. Putnam. $1.50.
Hewitt, Emma Churchman. How to Train Children. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs.
Holmes, Richard S. The Victor. Revell. $1.50.
Horsburgh, E. L. S. Lorenzo the Magnificent and Florence in Her Golden Age. Putnam. $4.50 net.
Hurlburt, Jesse Lyman. Stories About Children of All Nations. Philadelphia: John C. Winston. 75 cents.
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Kershaw, John B. C. Electro-Metallurgy. D. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
Kuhns, Oscar. The Sense of the Infinite: A Study of the Transcendental Element. Holt.
Lang, Mrs. The Book of Princes and Princesses. Edited by Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green. $1.60.
Lecky, William Edward Hartpole. Historical and Political Essays. Longmans, Green.
Long, John Luther. Felice. Moffat. $1.
Lowes, Mrs. Chats on Old Lace and Needlework. Frederick A. Stokes.
Lucas, E. V. Anne's Terrible Good Nature. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
MacDonald, Alexander. The White Trail: A Story of the Early Days of Klondike. H. M. Caldwell. $1.25.
McCord, P. B. Wolf: The Memoirs of a Cave-Dweller. B. W. Dodge. $1.
Mallock, W. H. An Immortal Soul. Harper. $1.50.
Meade, Edward Sherwood. The Story of Gold. Appleton. 75 cents net.
Memorials of Two Sisters, Susanna and Catherine Winkworth. Edited by Margaret J. Shaen. Longmans, Green.
Merriam, John C. Triassic Ichthyosauria. Berkeley, Cal.: University Press. $3.
Miller, William. The Latins in the Levant: A History of Frankish Greece (1204-1566). Dutton. $5 net.
Monckton, C. C. F. Radio-Telegraphy. D. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
Mumford, James G. Surgical Memoirs and Other Essays. Moffat. $2.50 net.
Munroe, Kirk. Under the Great Bear. Harper. $1.25.
Murdoch, W. G. Burn. From Edinburgh to India and Burmah. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Musson, Louise Walbridge. The Frau von Colson's Christmas Eve. Kansas City, Mo.: The Rust-Graft Shop.
My Busy Days. Verses by Edith Barnes Sturgis. Pictures by Margaretta S. Hinchman. D. Appleton.
Olmsted, Millicent. The Land of Never Was. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs.
Poems from Punch. Edited by Francis C. Burnand. H. M. Caldwell.
Poole, Fanny Runnells. Mugen: A Book of Verse. Bridgeport: Niles Publishing Co. $1.
Prelini, Charles. Graphical Determination of Earth Slopes, Retaining Walls and Dams. D. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
Prout, Ebenezer. Instrumentation. Oliver Ditson. 75 cents.
Pyle, Howard. The Ruby of Kishmoor. Harper. $1.
Rawlings, Gertrude Burford. Coins, and How to Know Them. Frederick A. Stokes.
Royce, Josiah. Race Questions, Provincialism and Other American Problems. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Sappho in Boston. Moffat. $1.50.
Schloesser, Henry H. Count Louis: And other Poems. London: A. C. Fifield.
Schouler, James. Ideals of the Republic. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
Scott, Walter: Ivanhoe; Kenilworth; Talisman. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Shackford, Martha Hale, and Judson, Margaret. Composition—Rhetoric—Literature: A Four Years' Course for Secondary Schools. Benj. H. Sanborn.
Sihler, E. G. Testimonium Animæ: Or, Greek and Roman before Jesus Christ. G. E. Stechert. $2.25 net.
Smythe-Palmer, A. The Ideal of a Gentleman. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Suess, Eduard. The Face of the Earth. Vol. III. Henry Frowde. $5.75.
Tardieu, André. France and the Alliances: The Struggle for the Balance of Power. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Thompson, Charles Miner. The Calico Cat. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25.
Warner, Amos G. American Charities. Revised by Mary Roberts Coolidge. Crowell. $2 net.
Warren, Waldo Pondray. Thoughts on Business. Second Series. Chicago: Forbes & Co. $1.25.
Watt, Lauchlan Maclean. Attic and Elizabethan Tragedy. Dutton. $2 net.
Wheat, Lu. Ah Moy: The Story of a Chinese Girl. Grafton Press. $1.50 net.
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